SALON

OF

1892

PARIS

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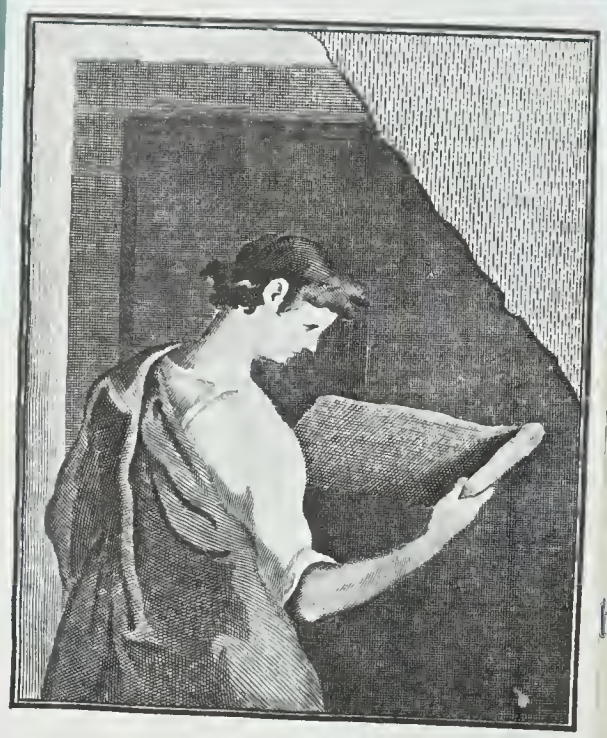

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SALON OF 1892

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With text in English, translated by HENRY BACON

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GUSTAVE LARROUMET

THE SALON OF 1892

ONE HUNDRED PLATES IN PHOTOGRAVURE

AND ETCHINGS

BY

GOUPIL & C°

With text in English, translated by HENRY BACON

BOUSSOD, VALADON & C°

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THE SALON

PAINTING

I

I must conform to custom and entitle my review "The Salon," yet it would be more correct to say "The Salons;" and I anticipate that before long, to designate the annual display of French art and to indicate what has actually happened, the plural will be adopted. I am one of those who, although deeply regretting the split of 1890, are unable to range themselves on one side or the other. After all that has been said and behind all the theoretical

reasons put forward to justify the schism, the matter is a purely personal one; the principles which have served as a pretext therefor are the outcome of Self. Among the numerous and ever-increasing yet minor exhibitions, the Salon had the advantage of being able to show compactly and completely the year's product of art. So extensive was its hospitality, in fact, originality was no longer a motive for the exclusion of any one, and within its walls the more numerous the exhibitors became, the less was felt the influence of artistic cliques. The surest means of increasing the number and of thus aggravating the evils of these vexatious coteries is precisely what has been supposed: they all have their origin in *amour-propre* and self-interest. And now instead of one centre, they have two; some day, to the great prejudice of both art and artists, we may expect to have three or four, and even more. As to the public who understand nothing of this domestic squabble, the only position they take at present is one of impartiality: they go to the Champ de Mars as well as to the Champs-Élysées, just as they would go anywhere for amusement; but can the artists expect to be always followed with such lamb-like docility? Will not the public sooner or later realize that a vast number of pictures are shown but that they are too scattered, and that consequently much time and labor are uselessly spent in going hither and thither?

Meanwhile, however, let us do as the public do; let us follow the artists attentively and sympathetically wheresoever they may lead us; first to the exhibition at the Champs-Élysées which still maintains its birthright of priority and larger growth, and, albeit deprived of a few names, honored or famous or clamorous, is yet able to give a good account of itself.

It has been observed—and I think the fact will become still more evident—that a thoroughly impartial visitor passing from the old Salon to the new, and collating his impressions, would clearly perceive that the eye and hand of our artists,—who have been trained in the same school and who have imbibed the same doctrines, and who

ALBERT LYNCH

SPRING

(DECORATIVE PANEL)

in short have developed, in spite of every divergence of theory and of variety of original talents, the art characteristics of the nation,—are pursuing two paths which for some time will remain separate and parallel, but eventually will converge and unite for the greater benefit of French art. In France, in fact, that unique and admirable personality which distinguishes the French school has always triumphed over individual and collective egoisms, so as to direct them towards the same object : those partial tendencies to separation, which to contemporaries may appear irreconcilable, have always been re-absorbed in its vast body. Posterity, if still able to recognize those elements of dissociation, from the standpoint of history, no longer thinks of contesting or advancing them; and in its impartiality, ignoring all sectional views, concerns itself only with actual results, well knowing that the best artists are often those who have argued least about their art. It does not seek to know what theories have been applied, but only what talent and interest have been incorporated and perpetuated in the actual work done. To posterity, although cognizant of the personality of each painter, the French school in the 17th century is as much Mignard as Lebrun, Girardin as Puget; while in the 18th, Watteau and Chardin, Pigalle and Houdon, and in the 19th, David and Géricault, Ingres and Delacroix, Rude and Barye, Carpeaux and Chapu, are each distinctly characteristic of the school as well as epoch.

At the present time, after all the wrangling between the classical and romantic schools, between the votaries of form and the apostles of color, between realists and idealists, it is the study of light and shade which preoccupies our artists and renders their discords the more noticeable. Some prefer vigorous modeling and clearly indicated perspective, instead of the former oppositions of light and shade and distinction of colors; they think that civilised men do not live only in the open air, and that even the greater part of their existence, in our climate, at least, is passed in comparatively gloomy apartments. Others, who are fascinated more particularly with life in the open

fields and in a clear atmosphere, take minute note of the numberless decompositions of white light and of the interaction of colors on each other; they set up the human silhouette in an atmosphere which circulates around it and which at times seems to absorb it; and in the arrangement of their distances they are more anxious to satisfy the eye than the intellect. Yet neither party, whatever it may think or endeavor to do, is absolutely and independently of its own opinion; one does not succeed in ignoring the other; but they mutually appropriate one another's methods. It is thus that at the more orthodox Champs-Élysées, you will find the influence of Manet's style of painting consecrated by Bastien-Lepage and idealized by M. Puvis de Chavannes, in pictures conceived and executed according to ancient formulas. You will there see pale and delicate tints, violets and lilacs, pearly and silvery greys, apparently more suitable for rendering themes and effects altogether different. Similarly at the Champ de Mars you will recognize that certain canvases, signed by artists who would indignantly repudiate the idea that they were still disciples or belonged to certain studios, reveal the excellent training of Cabanel, Delaunay, Gérome and Bouguereau. Such skill is not possessed unless one has fathomed the methods of a master who is himself imbued

F. LAURENS. *A Reader*

SURRENDER OF HUNINGUE

with principles of long tradition; and, above all, this science is not a matter of guess-work, to be acquired by the study of nature only.

What is more noteworthy is that, among either class, the essential qualities of the French character and the results of a common education are equally evident. All the successful ones owe their success to that true feeling of the needs of composition, to that due observance of balance and degree, and to that seeking after elegance and decorum which, never wholly lost even in venturesome excesses, help or save many a daring artist, and administer correction even to poetic frenzy. During our survey of such an infinite variety of works, we shall very often have an opportunity of verifying this remark; and it is on this account that I now draw attention to an impression which alone can give unity to my work.

II

It is in vain to speak unkindly of the huge canvases and to maintain, although it would not be without reason, that talent and even genius are comfortable even in a small frame, the visitor to the Salon is indebted to them for furnishing him with ready landmarks, or one could more appropriately call them buoys by which the visitor may steer in his exploration of this immense ocean. Besides, it is rare that we do not find in them evidence of most praiseworthy efforts which call for attention commensurate with the labor bestowed on them. I am anxious not to omit to say that, among the large pictures of this year, a great number indicate much more than good intentions. Two at least are those of master-hands, and half a dozen or so will render their authors famous.

The first of these masterpieces is the "Surrender of Huningue" by M. Édouard Detaille. Every one is acquainted with the heroic episode which has rendered the military history of this little town in Alsace so conspicuous. In 1815 General Barbanègre with one hundred and

thirty-five men there held out against twenty-five thousand Austrians under the command of Archduke John. Barbanègre did not capitulate till twelve days after the trenches had been opened, and then he obtained for his small garrison, now reduced to fifty men, all the honors of war. The painter has chosen the moment when the little troop, preceded by drummers, and "supporting arms," issue forth from the battered ramparts in the presence of the Archduke's staff of officers and between two rows of Austrian grenadiers, and amid all the devastation of shot and shell.

The scene is simply yet grandly depicted; and sends a thrill through the spectator, for none surely could regard it without being visibly impressed. In the foreground, marching towards us, we see two drummers, a veteran and a stripling, with tanned visage and fair hair, beating vigorously a French march which of a truth never gave the step to a more glorious parade. Then Barbanègre, with bandaged forehead, grasping his victor's hand, points pathetically to his little band of heroes, evidently saying "This is the garrison!" This company of artillerymen, foot-soldiers, custom-house officers, gendarmes and peasants, in ragged costumes and following a flag all tatters, are now famous in history. The Austrian army and staff, proud of their correctness of dress and of their spotlessly white uniform, present a striking contrast.

To speak of precision and accuracy in reference to a picture by Detaille has long been superfluous. What we have now to say is that the young Master never so amply displayed his great qualities and never certainly exhibited so much style. The genre painter now proclaims himself historical painter, for the grand patriotic current which outlived the Imperial epic permeates this brilliant work of art. While looking at it we experience such an impression as the last act of an heroic drama must inevitably create; we feel that the race of men, of whom we have here the last representatives, was second to none. The clearness and expressiveness of the work are perfect; not a personage but who is in place and acting his part; not one who does not

LAURENT-DESROUSSEAUX

THE FAVOURITE

ALBUM DE 1892

THE FIRST GRIEF

A. GUILLOU *A Cockle Fisher*

fully realize the painter's purpose. There is not a physiognomy or gesture which is not full of action and truth, which does not translate some individual character and contribute to the general effect, not appropriating to itself an interest which rightly belongs to the whole scene. In his previous works M. Detaille has shown himself a correct draughtsman; in this "Surrender of Huningue" he is a consummate painter. The reddish tint of the brickwork bastions, the grey tones of the gateway, the yellows of the ground, the whites, the reds, and the blacks of the brilliant or of the worn-out uniforms, all mingle and produce a powerful tonal harmony, with that simplicity and skill in the employment of means which belong only to one who is completely master of his craft. There is nothing I would find fault with except the total absence of sky, the fortifications reaching to the very top of the canvas; but doubtless the painter would reply that he could not give still greater height to an upright composition.

In the old French Academy of painting, an artist gained admission on producing his diploma work, and from the Louvre we know what we owe to this custom which has enriched us with, among other *chefs-*

d'œuvre, Pigalle's "Seated Mercury" and Watteau's "Embarkation for Cythera." It seems that at the moment of entering the Institute, the author of so many already popular canvases was desirous of affording evidence of his full strength, not only to the chosen few who have accorded him their suffrage, but also to the world at large who are now summoned to ratify their choice; and this Grand Jury will be extremely ungracious if they do not unanimously declare themselves fully satisfied. Hitherto M. Detaille has been eminent for the general character of his work : he has now achieved a masterpiece. Young enough to follow it up with many others, he must for his own sake ever remain the painter of the "Surrender of Huningue."

After such a recent episode, from which barely two generations separate us, and of which the last survivors have not yet quite disappeared, here is a legend which carries us back to the youth of our species, and through the interpretation of an artist, who is not only very modern but who is far in advance of his time, we are presented with one of the earliest flowers of human imagination, a first-fruit of human thought, "The Legend of Hercules," by M. Henri Martin.

Hercule, fatigué de sa tâche éternelle,
S'assit un jour, dit-on, entre un double chemin ;
Il vit la Volupté, qui lui tendait la main,
Il suivit la Vertu, qui lui sembla plus belle.
Aujourd'hui rien n'est beau, ni le mal, ni le bien ;
Ce n'est pas notre temps qui s'arrête et qui doute :
Les siècles en passant ont fait leur grande route
Entre les deux sentiers dont il ne reste rien.

We cannot discuss here the pessimist philosophy contained in these otherwise admirable lines of Musset. Before Musset, Xenophon, that disciple of Socrates who besides other Grecian excellences, made gracefulness his own and ornate wisdom his ideal, had borrowed this fragment of the Herculean legend from Prodicus of Ceos and translated it in a form which permitted a plastic rendering :

"At the age"—says he—"when young men, already their own

Mlle E GARDNER

TRUANTS

SALON DE 1892

PEEL

TWINS

masters, show whether they will enter life by the path of virtue or of vice, Hercules withdrew into the desert and sat himself down uncertain what road he should take. Two women of tall stature presented themselves before him. One of them had a becoming and noble mien, her body clothed in white, but otherwise adorned with nought save her native purity, her eyes bashful and her general appearance modest. The other was buxom and voluptuous, her complexion heightened with white and vermilion, her deportment affected, to give an appearance of greater propriety than belonged to her naturally, her eyes large and open, and her attire carefully studied to set her person off to advantage. She kept admiring herself continually, yet on the watch to see if no one was looking at her; and ever and anon she would turn her head to see her shadow."

These two women are Virtue and Vice. By turns they address Hercules, and the conversation of each is full of poetical impressiveness. They are advocating Good and Evil, Work and Idleness, a life of careless pleasure and a struggle towards moral perfection—a struggle tending towards a mysterious Beyond; but with the practical good sense of the Greek race and a contempt of all vague and idle fancies and purposeless dreams.

"Hercules"—said Vice—"if thou choosest me for thy partner I will conduct thee by the easiest and pleasantest path; thou shalt have every delight and shalt live exempt from care and trouble. Thou wilt have no need to engage in war or business, but shalt not cease to consider what food and drink will please thee most, what objects will rejoice thy senses, and what affections will have the greatest charm for thee; how thou canst be most luxuriously pillowed, and how all these pleasures may be thine with the least trouble. If ever thou dreadest to be in want of the means of procuring these delights, fear not that I shall bind thee to labor with body or mind; thou shalt profit from others' labor, and shalt lack nothing that may bring thee comfort. For to those who are faithful to me I give the faculty of deriving benefit from everything."

"Hercules"—said Virtue—"I will not weary thee with promises of pleasure, but I will tell thee such truths as the immortal gods have established. What is truly good and beautiful is unattainable to man; except by labor and care. If, therefore, thou desirest that the gods may be propitious to thee, thou must do homage to them; if thou desirest to be beloved by thy friends, thou must do good to them; if thou desirest to be honored by thy country, thou must serve thy country; if thou desirest that the earth may yield thee its fruits in abundance, thou must cultivate it; if thou desirest to be rich in flocks and herds, thou must rear them; if thou desirest to have honor and fame in war, to give freedom to thy people and to subdue thy foes, thou must learn the art of war of those who have braved its dangers and fatigues, and must put their precepts into practice; and if thou desirest to be strong, thou must submit thy body to thy reason and give it due exercise in labor."

BACON—*The Pilot*

Thereupon, as Vice is about to renew her theme, Virtue becomes indignant, imposes silence on her, and finishes by describing her own self in a somewhat solemn litany-like series of attributes, throughout which there seems to resound the echo of a sacred hymn.

"No good is possible without me, neither among the gods nor among men. I am the cherished companion of man's labor, the faithful guardian of the master's house, the kind protectress of the servant, the sweet associate of the works of peace, the constant ally in the fatigues of war, the devoted agent between friend and friend."

GALLA IN THE CASTILLE

WAGREZ

EVEN-SONG

SALON DE 1892

Had M. Henri Martin this fable in his mind to inspire him in his work? I think not, and we should be thankful for it; for the text of Xenophon would have been more inconvenient than useful; it would have paralyzed his invention by the very richness of intellectual conception and plastic details which it would have presented to him. The painter has wisely chosen the old legend in its harmonious simplicity, and applied to it his own perception of idea, poetry and art.

A vision much in keeping with his own work, yet somewhat composite, and with very slight adherence to his Greek models. M. Henri Martin is a native of Toulouse and a pupil of his fellow-townsman, Jean-Paul Laurens. To his native place he owes his love of light and sunshine, to his master his knowledge of drawing and his taste for vigorous expression, and to nature, who always has her own will and way, a dreamy mystic imaginative turn. For this southerner of Latin blood is enamored of poetic symbolism, and Lyons, whence come MM. Chenavard and Puvis de Chavannes, would more readily have accounted for this feature in his temperament. Such imagery as his is never sane, restful or self-reliant; to elements so dissimilar, both of nature and training, Baudelaire has added his influence and has made a deep impression on the character of our artist's work; the result is an originality which has for a long time disturbed and disconcerted both critics and public. With intense labor, a conviction the more tenacious of ideal and manner in proportion as these latter have been the more contested, and at times an heroic struggle against the difficulties of life, the young painter has in turns devoted himself to subjects of history, observation or fancy, and has finally fixed on the last. Besides other pictures, he has painted successively a "Fête de la Fédération" and the "President's Journey to Agen," in each of which great crowds in full sunshine are very carefully studied, correctly drawn, and rendered with true colors, which, however, are too pale, almost evanescent. In addition to these immense canvases which were purchased with difficulty by the State at about the artist's cost price, he has produced some fanciful studies of visions, nightmares and

other frenzies, in the full glare of day, the bright crude light of summer being nearly always present in the works of M. Henri Martin. All these canvases astounded the critics, some of whom considered that he drew too much and did not recall the school of Manet; to others he appeared to lean towards M. Puvis de Chavannes and yet was not of his school. Hence there was little applause, but a great deal of criticism.

In last year's Salon he exhibited what may be called a translation of one of Baudelaire's poems "Every one has his Fancy," and then some little respect, even an incipient admiration, was noticeable in the criticisms made. The artist was on the road to fame, and this year, if I am not mistaken, he will reach it with his "Legend of Hercules."

On a waste barren moorland, such as the Scriptures term "the wilderness," a white female figure is seen rising above the earth, the upper part of her form illuminated by the golden rays of the setting sun, while the shades of night are spreading over the ground. It is Virtue. Beneath is seen the nude Hercules in all his mighty vigor, his head and shoulders lighted by the sun, the lower part of his body obscured in twilight, his hands outstretched towards the goddess. A group of three women holding one another by the hand and dancing, representing the Vices, are seen behind the hero. They are clothed in drapery of gauzy transparency. Above their circle is borne Pleasure, the upper part of her body in modern dress, the lower part enveloped in peacock's feathers, carrying a *fleur de perdition*. The scene is at once fanciful and charming, and is executed with the greatest delicacy. Rare skill is shown in the composition of the two groups, and each figure taken by itself is an inspiration. The features express, with perfect accuracy, ecstatic and mystic energy, caprice and the intoxicating allurement of pleasure. I have only to find fault with the head and neck of Hercules, close-cropped and presenting rather a type of acrobat. The general tone of the picture is bathed in the transparent atmosphere of a summer's eve, but is nevertheless veiled in a light mist; the sky, the ground and the figures seem scarcely indicated;

KAEMMERER

JEALOUS

SALON DE 18

and yet one quickly perceives that they are very accurately delineated. As to the style of work, it is M. Henri Martin's, with, as usual, a number of small simple touches, close and stippled; and as to general effect the whole is delightfully blended.

Such is the picture which henceforth will give rank to the artist. It would no doubt much disturb the mind of a Greek, although expressing with rare poetic feeling a Greek legend; and it would equally offend an Italian, although recalling in some respects the Florentine frescoes of the 15th century. It forms a direct antithesis of our national art, yet it is the work of a true Frenchman; it is compounded of very diverse elements, yet it is harmonious; it is reminiscent of numerous models, but withal original.

M. Pierre Fritel does not allow us to get clear of legend in presenting us with a procession of the world's great conquerors between a double line of dead men. In front we have Sesostris, Alexander and Attila, in their war chariots; and Charlemagne, Cæsar and Napoleon, on horseback—all those who have caused rivers of human blood to flow and who have bruised and pounded human flesh, who have imagined they were founding empires, and have

labored on behalf of a so-called civilization by loosing the worst instincts of barbarism! The picture is of a grey, sombre hue, but then the line of heroes passes on in a singularly sad vision; the individuals are all motionless, impassive and rigid, but then they are resuscitated from the grave; the horses have the attitude and stiffness of bas-reliefs, but are they not steeds of an apotheosis? On the other hand the corpses are remarkably wanting in solidity. In short the composition is startling, but cold and as if congealed, with neither atmosphere nor perspective. Probably the artist sought to produce this effect, but I doubt if he has not overdone it.

M. Albert Maignan, the artist of the "Voices of the Tocsin" in the Salon of 1888——the energetic action of which, albeit perhaps too literary, obtained for him a deserved success,——affords us an escape from legendary lore, yet he also is a visionary and represents to us the "Dream of Carpeaux." We find ourselves at day-break in the Master's studio; through the half-opened window the light streams in, dispelling the bluish mist still hanging about the large room. In the centre of the composition Carpeaux is asleep in an arm-chair, overcome with fatigue, his limbs helplessly powerless, and his features working painfully. We feel that the sculptor is drawing near his end, and that he is endeavoring to complete some work before death overtakes him. Around him stand his immortal daughters; before him on a table the model of Ugolino; above his head the "Five Parts of the World" of the fountain of the Observatoire; on the right is seen the "Dance" group; in the background the "Flora" of the Tuileries. As all these figures become animated during the artist's slumber, they throw off their rigidity of stone and metal; they live and move yet do not change the action in which they have been moulded by their author's genius; nor do they discard their bronze or marble aspect as they become half-tinted with the color of life. Whilst Europe separates herself from the "Five Parts of the World" and holds out a laurel branch over the brow of the sleeping Master, other figures emerge from the shade in the teeming abundance of a vivifying creation.

MAIGNAN

CARPEAUX

BENJAMIN-CONSTANT

CENTRAL CEILING OF THE SALLE DES FÊTES OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS

SALON DE 1892

A rare and curious mixture of truth and imagery, a skilful execution, and a powerful effect are to be found in this picture; but unfortunately the principal figure, that of Carpeaux, is faulty : it is spoilt by a woolly beard, and is badly arranged and devoid of expression. It fails to realize the artist's intention in that very part of his work where should be concentrated the full force of vitality and sentiment.

Decorative painting, although the colors are massed and the whole work is arranged for producing effect at a distance, has at its best periods ever been one of the most noble forms of Art ; it is perhaps the most beautiful; and has certainly been the richest in masterpieces. In the embellishment of the grand edifices of the past, each artist was modestly content to contribute to the general scheme in obedience to the direction of the sole master of the work. Those noble mansions have almost entirely given place to *bourgeois* villas, and only rarely have our painters the opportunity of trying their hand at decoration. Instead of covering ceilings and vast walls they have now as a rule to confine themselves to canvases suitable for national or municipal collections, or to the usual easel-pieces of the amateur. The Hôtel de Ville in Paris is one of the exceptions—would that they were more numerous !—under an almost universal *régime* of utilitarian architecture. How is it that the authorities who preside over the destinies of this beautiful building, have, in the distribution of commissions for its pictorial decoration, taken at random the names of artists recommended only by a transient popularity, or by the favor of influential friends ? And why have they had recourse to the still greater lottery of competition ? The commissions which have thus been given without any thought as to the haphazard conglomeration they must inevitably bring about—although in furtherance of a project laudably generous in itself,—will make Ballu's building a Tower of Babel of contemporary painting, and the greater portion of the pictures thus collected under one roof will produce a hopeless jargon of discord.

But we will not indulge further in useless regrets : let us take what the painters of the Municipal Council offer.

On entering the large *salon carré* the visitor has his attention at once arrested by M. Benjamin-Constant's vast ceiling-decoration "Paris inviting the World to its Festivals." Across the multi-colored vapors of a fiery sky, at the top of which is enthroned the City of Paris, are seen flying towards the earth, at reckless speed, genii blowing trumpets and bearing torches, not as one may easily believe for the purpose of conveying fire and destruction thither, but merely to call the nations of the earth to partake of the City's rejoicings as indicated by two females, one holding a tambourine, the other a basket of flowers.

In his earliest exhibits M. Benjamin-Constant showed himself a good colorist, and it was owing to his luminous delineation of Oriental subjects that he rapidly acquired a reputation; he was, moreover, a master of style, with a vivid imagination, who knew well how to compose an action, and place his figures in correct attitudes. His inherited abilities are still his, and might yet have sufficed him; but he has now endeavored to take quite a new departure, deliberately following in the footsteps of MM. Besnard and Chéret, and bringing into juxtaposition yellows, blues, and reds of dazzling hues. I think very highly of MM. Besnard and Chéret, but they would scarcely set themselves to imitate M. Benjamin-Constant. The artist of the ceiling of the Hôtel de Ville is really too modest, thus doing for others what they certainly would not do for him. Besides, a ceiling is not the place for an advertisement.

M. Gabriel Ferrier has a surer method of his own, and the reputation of his brother-artists does not trouble him. In his "Flowers" he continues to invest with grace and elegance the vision he formerly had at Venice in the presence of Veronese and Tiepolo. An artist at once original and traditional, easy yet firm in his work, for the interpretation of a festival of springtime he has not considered it necessary to imagine aught but nymphs and blossoms, grouping them in a manner that pleases the eye, and employing a bright scheme of color. The central figure has a good flying movement, while those surrounding her, holding

VIBERT

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ATTENDING THE DOCTOR

LAMON DE 1867

armfuls of roses and chrysanthemums are exquisitely proportioned and graceful. After his success of last year—a ceiling destined for the French Embassy at Berlin, in the execution of which M. Ferrier became fascinated with his opportunity of doing honor to French art abroad —it is pleasing to find that he has not lost the position he then gained.

To represent "Dancing" it was a happy idea to have recourse

A. MOREAU *The village crier*

to the history of the subject, and M. Aimé Morot has made a charming and decided hit. Gliding and whirling among clouds and surrounded by Cupids, we have a galaxy of marquises and countesses, performing all the evolutions of the minuet of Louis XV, the pavane of Louis XIV, the quadrille of the Restoration, and in the distance, amid marble colonnades, the waltz of our own time. One might have feared that the strong colors in which M. Aimé Morot painted his rugged cuirassiers would have too deply imbued his palette, but nothing

of the sort has happened : in a composition of a generally sombre tone he has still been able to introduce the delicate rose tints necessary for his Almavivas, Rosinas and Armandas and various other types borrowed from the drama and romance for the purpose of thus combining them in one rhythmic movement.

Why do they cavil at M. François Flameng for having thought of Olympus as a source from which he might derive inspiration for the decoration of a ceiling in a private mansion? The old fables of mythology have always been prolific of excellent themes for the decorative artist who is capable of modernizing them. A ready inventiveness is requisite, and we know that such a qualification is not wanting in M. François Flameng. Without any perceptible effort he has grouped the twelve heads of the celestial hierarchy, and some of the attitudes he has chosen are very happy.

No one would think of proposing to M. Blanchon that he should betake himself to the assembly of the gods. He is quite modern and realistic, and prefers the scenes of the visible world to the visionary conclaves of celestial regions. And so he offers to the Hôtel de Ville the "Works in progress in Paris" as decorative panels. Although it may be difficult to let aught but allegories fly through an imaginary empyrean, yet it is permissible, when one has actual truth to deal with, to exalt the simple grandeur of daily life. M. Roll had already shown what the labor of the timber-yard and the traffic of the street could offer to art in the way of nobleness and grandeur, and M. Blanchon has remembered it. On a hill, which is probably Montmartre, but at an edifice which is certainly not the Church of the Sacred Heart, his masons toil with true ardor. The factory chimneys which are smoking in the distance in the plain add much sober strength to the picture.

We have still toilers of real life in the sailors of M. Eugène Chigot, who continues faithful to his former subjects and models in his "Stranded in rough Weather." He knows and loves the sea, and his canvases convey a vivid impression of the tempest. He

FUNERAL OF A CHIEF IN THE IRON AGE

TATTEGRAIN

ENTRY OF LOUIS XI INTO PARIS

(October 31st 1461.)

TAPIS 1889.

now presents us with a group of sailors hauling a boat on shore beyond the reach of the waves. These men are true renderings of the features, attitude and build of the Flemish sea-faring community. I would, however, that the scene were more life-like. Undoubtedly the rope is taut, but not from the efforts of the men, who are wanting in vigor.

I have a similar remark to make with respect to the "Franks" whom M. Luminais shows in the act of crossing the Meuse. We have known his Franks or Gauls a long time; they are always well posed and possessed of savage dignity; but this time, perhaps because the Meuse, although very wide in this picture, is only a river, their demeanor as they are represented on their raft, is too tranquil, and the chief of the tribe, who is standing scanning the horizon, is not altogether natural. Let us call attention, however, to the group of young women who brighten up the centre of this sombre composition.

M. Cormon returns to those grand events of the heroic age to which he is already indebted for some very fine works, conspicuous among which is his "Conquerors of Salamis," which is now in the Luxembourg. Abandoning Grecian antiquities he goes further back to prehistoric times for his "Funeral of a Chief in the Iron Age." The learned reader might remark that an epoch less remote, that of Frankish Gaul, might have inspired the artist, who must certainly have read Chateaubriand's *Martyrs;* that when erudition is paraded, it should be exact, a matter certainly of some difficulty when dealing with the Iron Age; and finally, that to transfer a scene consecrated by the memory of so great a writer as Chateaubriand, is unnecessarily disquieting to the spectator. This, however, is mere fault-finding. The picture itself is very impressive. In the glade of a Druidical forest is seen an enormous funeral pile which has just been set on fire and on the top of which is the body of a chieftain erect on his war-horse, also dead. Around the burning mass is seen the tribe in wild lamentation; warriors, old men, women and children form a frantic, despairing crowd, and one can imagine the din and clamor

arising therefrom, as they brandish their lances, or with swords or axes strike their shields, or throw more fuel on to the gigantic heap. There is withal a touch of the melodramatic and some confusion in the composition, but the general effect is striking.

M. Tattegrain's "Entry of Louis XI into Paris" is another of these learned studies, but the knowledge here is less conjectural and more cheerful. I am tempted to find fault with the too rigorous exactitude of M. Tattegrain's historical composition. He himself provides us with our weapons by inserting in the catalogue the passages from the chronicles of Jehan de Troyes and Du Clercq describing the scene which he has painted. In what follows I abridge the *naïf* record, but preserve all that is essential.

"The King was mounted on a white horse and clothed in a white robe with scarlet doublet, and his head was covered with a hood. Around him were four burgesses of Paris who bore above him on high lances a cloth of gold as is done at the Holy Sacrament." Then follows an enumeration of the lords forming the procession. "The windows and the house-tops were crowded with people. The King paid special attention to three beautiful young girls, nude and representing mermaids, at the fountain of the Ponceau St-Denis and singing ditties and pastorals.

"Above the Ponceau was a little wood where savage men and women went through various sports and dances, and near them were musicians playing various instruments with most melodious effect. And to refresh the *cortège* there were at the fountain several pipes from which issued wine and water for such as could or would partake thereof. A little below the Ponceau was a representation of the Crucifixion of Christ and the two thieves on his right and left."

It is easy to see that the artist has been induced to select this scene in order that he might have a suitable opportunity of providing a decidedly original combination. The fancy of the Middle Ages for striking and varied displays, the religious faith and candid cynicism of the people, their attachment to royalty, freedom from constraint in

THE EVENING MAIL

BORCHARD

NO ADMITTANCE

all their movements, together with the picturesque swarming of the crowd, are fully set forth in M. Tattegrain's composition. To crown all, as the event took place in the month of August, the artist has been able to avail himself of a blue sky, has strewn the ground with flowers and has introduced leafy bowers, besides displaying armor, gold, dyed stuffs, nude figures, young and aged heads, and birds let loose as a token of rejoicing. What a harvest for a painter who, to the due appreciation of history, can add charm of color and intellectual refinement!

M. Tattegrain has succeeded in maintaining a just balance of these various advantages. The general tone is harmonious and pleasing, with a number of bright accents furnished by the sky, the flowers, the costumes, and the metallic luster of the royal *cortège*. In spite of the number of individuals the composition is by no means confused, and this is a rare quality in works of this class. The eye passes with pleasure from the armed men to the young King as he stops in charmed astonishment in front of the group of sirens, to the turrets and gables of the houses, to the sightseers hanging in clusters at the windows and on the roofs, and to the many other groupings included in the composition. All are cleverly handled, but the portion on which the artist has lavished every care and attention is that where the three beautiful maidens are half immersed in the fountain, with varied attitudes and expressions, but all equally pleasing and true. Just sufficiently embarrassed by the rôle they are taking to escape any imputation of immodesty, encased, moreover up to the waist in a chaste panoply of scales, with arms crossed, downcast eyes, and in blushing innocence, they are represented singing, while the populace stand gaping and staring in wonder and amazement.

II.

I have now reviewed in order of importance or of subject, of intention or of effect, of place or of date, that is to say with as much

method as such a heterogeneous collection could permit, those canvases which first arrest the attention of the visitor to the Salon. I do not say that those I have mentioned are among the best, as my own personal selections would willingly fall on some of those which I have still to examine; but I had to follow the public. I will now endeavor to take a less capricious and more independent course in my further examination.

For genre painting Mythology is now no more in vogue, and it is the same with Greek and Roman History. Decorators and symbolists still cultivate those favorite fields of the old schools of art; but the historical and genre painters prefer subjects of more recent origin. We have still, however, a certain number of artists who are always attracted by the charm and beauty of the nude, by the enduring triumph of a successful rendering of life, and by the strength, grace, and expression of the human form.

One of the most incontestable and at the same time one of the most contested masters in this style is M. Bouguereau. His fidelity to tradition, his constant search for the elegant, his unerring precision, his supreme indifference amid all the censorious criticisms with which he is assailed, sorely exasperate those who favor the new school. Sure of his manner and relying on the esteem and admiration of those who remain faithful to him, the master continues placidly along the path which he has traveled ever since his *début*. His exhibit this year is "The Wasps' Nest." In the times sung by Ovid, a beautiful nymph scantily clad wandered through a wood. A swarm of Cupids surround her, some aggressively, some caressingly, whispering in her ear the old, old story. They impede her steps and point their arrows at her. This is the wasps' nest, and the wretched maiden will not return scathless. Need I add that in the whole arrangement of the piece, in the attitudes and in the color, M. Bouguereau's accuracy and grace are ever present?

We shall come across M. Henner again among the portraits where he has a little *chef-d'œuvre*. He would not, however, deprive the

Mme V DEMONT-BRETON

A WETTING

THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE

public of the annual treat which they looked for from him, in the form of a nymph with amber-colored body—always a choice example of flesh-painting—lying on the edge of a wood or by the side of a spring, in deep warm shadow. Under the simple title of *Study* this artist gives us another of these radiant glorifications of the female form, with his never-failing originality, yet with all the characteristics of his style.

M. Checa is a vigorous; valiant artist, and we have not yet forgotten his "Chariot Race" in the Salon of 1890. In his "Bacchanalian Feast" of this year we have his wonted movement rendered still more perceptible by the opposition of a tranquil group to the giddy whirling of the principal figures. On the horizon, on a hill surmounted by temples, the smoke from some conflagration or merry-making is seen rising, while a party of priestesses of Bacchus are dancing on the sea-shore; others, worn out with fatigue, are resting on the beach in various attitudes of intoxication. It is cleverly conceived, full of force and character; but it does not surpass or even equal the "Chariot Race." There are details which we might question, and there are certain inaccuracies, which we hope M. Checa will get rid of in time.

M. Checa is a Spaniard, and his impetuosity proves it. Calmer, naturally, is an Englishman, Mr. Reynold Stephens, who sends us, under the title of "Summer," a very graceful composition in which Mr. Alma Tadema may recognize his influence and take credit there for. Those maidens in long bluish robes, grouped in calm repose under a marble colonnade where bronze fountains pour forth their crystal waters, are of a decidedly English type and perfectly charming. We should like to have found the same simplicity and grace in M. Henry Royer's "Scene from the Life of Bacchus" which, nevertheless, is replete with happy conceptions and serves as a pendant to "Summer."

We have another Englishman in Mr. Joy, who likewise succeeds well in modernizing an old theme with his "Danaïds," which although cold and hard in touch and as if sculptured in marble or fashioned in

metal, is yet delicate in modeling, exquisite in pose, and arrests the attention for a long time. A third Englishman, Mr. Lavery, produces a similar but deeper impression with his "Ariadne," a composition in

HERMANN-LÉON — *Pheasants*

which the artist's talent fortunately overpowers the sculptural tendency. The picture is placed far too high, but the quivering form of the abandoned lover stands out in life-like tints against the massive deep blue of the sea, and the juxtaposition of such creature and such nature admirably sets forth the melancholy poetry of the legend.

I will not go so far as to say that at the present time we are wanting in the true sentiment of mythology. We have a sufficiency of masters who translate it with success, so that even if the modern taste for the legends of old time has become weaker, the traditional inspira-

NORMANDY MEADOW

tion still runs on, and this source of poetry is not likely to fail. But although some of our artists, like M. Gustave Moreau, obtain thence an effect of matchless and penetrating sweetness, and M. Puvis de Chavannes always introduces mythology as an essential element in those compositions of his which have transformed the art of mural painting among us, it is too evident that for the general body there is need of its revival. It was in mythology that humanity enshrined its earliest dreams of heroism and beauty; and in terrible or graceful legends, mythology first declared man's faith in the mysterious and the divine. Egyptians, Asiatics, Greeks and Romans have all collected specimens of this flower of human imagination, and they have kept it for us fresh and vigorous. We must not let it wither in our hands. Many artists look upon it with contempt; but if they betook themselves to the original works in which an undying invigorating principle saves it from growing old, if they read the earliest poems constructed from it, if they could but shake off the dust with which the reminiscences of school days bedim its bright hues, they would understand how, from the time of the Renaissance and the age of Louis XIV and Louis XV onwards, it has been able to impart its perfume and beauty to works of art. How many foreigners are now teaching us with what devotion we should return to the antique! Let us profit by their example. Parisian irony is charming, but it will not yield artistic inspiration; contemporary life is full of energy, but the human soul does not derive its nourishment from bare facts only; it has need also of visions and ideals.

The foregoing remarks cannot be applied to the artist of "Œdipus flying from Thebes," M. Henry Léopold Lévy, a pupil of Picot and Cabanel. Combining the traditional element handed on to him by his masters with his own personal fancy, he has obtained from such union the impressive tragedy he has introduced into the legend of the Theban hero. Nor could those remarks be applied in any way to MM. Olivier Merson and Raphaël Collin, who have a decidedly original way of regarding antiquity, and who know how to recast in

modern mould with no apparent effort, but with that sincerity which is inseparable from their talent, the old pregnant symbols of mythology.

The former of these young masters presents us with two canvases "Man and Fortune" and "The Annunciation."

I shall now only consider the "Man and Fortune;" the other subject will have its turn later on. When springtime is lighting the earth with the golden blossom of the furze and under a light blue sky with fleecy clouds, amidst a world whose charms are passed for him, a blind man led by his dog is seen journeying across a broad level tract of moorland. Fortune is lying by the roadside, but the unfortunate man passes on, and will never know that she has been within his reach. The whole composition—landscape and figures—is admirable, but Fortune herself, in all her glowing youth, is of consummate delicacy. M. Olivier Merson excels in rendering the undulating supple form of woman, and to the gracefulness of his outlines he adds the powerful charm of the smile. I do not think that he has ever united his various talents in a more exquisite piece of work. By qualities of a similar nature, by adroit precision and truthful elegance, together with a particularly delicate appreciation of light and color, M. Raphael Collin has attained his present position as an artist. Under the title of "On the Sea-shore," he represents a scene of very ancient times, when nymphs danced in forest glades, or by the water's edge, in open air and sunshine. A group of demi-goddesses holding one another by the hand go round and round on a sandy shore where the water reaches almost without a ripple; other nymphs are seen reclining, and others still approaching to join their sisters. The silvery sheet of which the poet speaks descends from the heights of the azure sky; and the artist has indeed succeeded in making his ocean rival in lustre the brightening of metal in fusion, producing at first too dazzling an effect on the eyes. But we soon become conscious of that female grace and beauty and that profound idyllic charm which pervade the works of M. Raphaël Collin.

Those fond of correct and judicious painting will appreciate M. Jean

F. LAMY

SPRING

REMINISCENCE OF DOUARNENEZ

MLLE A. BILINSKA — "Now if I were a Minister"

Benner's "Nymph of the Azure Grotto." She is of course young, has an elegant figure, though her head is a little too large for her body, and is represented in a pensive mood at the entrance to her grotto. Her complexion is white and rosy, she is well drawn, and may, without marring their effect, be added to the numerous family of deities of the same order. The same may be said of "Spring" by M. Emmanuel Benner, who, as artist, bears an unmistakable family likeness to his namesake; of "Cupid and Psyche" by M. Royer; of "Last Leaves" by M. Rieder, and of that numerous female circle in the heart of a forest, with which M. Verdier has sought to symbolize the "Echoes." Of the last-named canvas I would add that if the tints of the human body delight the eye, we must not have too much of a good thing, and a little drapery on a few of these roseate-white beings would have happily relieved their somewhat monotonous appearance. "The Spider's Web" of M. Le Quesne is less ostentatious and pleasingly renders an ingenious fancy.

Determined and persevering, M. Franc Lamy did not attain at one bound that inventiveness and certainty of method now observable in his "Spring." With his predilection for bright coloring and for the

harmonizing of simple tints, he has been rather long in finding out his speciality, but his picture this year is more than agreeable with its varied groupings of young girls in white garments enjoying the refreshing air and shade in the depth of the green woods, beside a stream studded with water lilies and further enlivened by swans. Tall and graceful, but perhaps a little too minutely drawn and sharply defined, they are gathering flowers or meditating tranquilly and happily.

By means of a single figure, a simple bust, M. Henri Martin seeks to embody the alluring and irritating mystery of "Falsehood"—a female figure. The unwholesome charm is there : the coloring is strange yet harmonious, and there is the poetical intensity met with in Baudelaire, and strikingly expressed by the artist in all this class of fancies to which he is so much attached. With its deceitful eyes, its enigmatical smile, and its hand holding a poisoned flower, the conception is one of the most curious in the Salon.

It is difficult to imagine a more striking contrast with those artists who are more or less wedded to the new formulas than that presented by "Architecture," exhibited by M. Tony Robert-Fleury. Tall and slight, according to the type dear to artists of the Renaissance, skilfully draped and surrounded by characteristic attributes, "Architecture" testifies to the wonted care and skill of an artist who honorably bears a name that ranks high in classical art.

Religious painting is rather amply represented at the Champs-Élysées, but although it furnishes a certain number of remarkable canvases, and even some of the highest quality, it adheres to traditional data, or actual observation; it does not favor the revival of mysticism to which the striking compositions at the Champ de Mars belong. M. Adrien Demont's "Abel" is instinct with a feeling at once biblical and modern, from the simplicity of the scene and the sincerity of the execution. Cain's victim lies in the rank grass watered by a streamlet ; and even if arid Judæa scarcely possesses such landscapes, the composition, albeit painted in Picardy or Normandy,

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THE THREE BROTHERS

(A COLLIER'S STORY)

is the more affecting as it presents a painful contrast between the happy tranquillity of this rich valley and the brutal tragedy which has just been enacted. Everything conspires to produce an impression of solitude and sadness : the flock still grazing, but shepherdless; the still burning sacrifice that Abel had been offering, with its smoke ascending in a slender column, and the dusk of evening spreading over a sun-forsaken sky. I pointed out a little while ago a mythological picture by M. H. L. Lévy; now, in "Eve picking the apple" he shows himself capable of painting a very graceful female and of recasting the conventional scene of the First Temptation.

BONNAT — *Portrait of M. Renan*

If, in spite of the labored archaism of a chair which M. P.-J. Jamin has placed to receive the clothing of the celebrated bather, his "Suzannah and the Elders" is, from its general aspect only tolerably Hebraical, and if she does not arouse any other idea than that of a pretty woman watched by men of too ripe an age, she is nevertheless attractively painted and effectively set off.

We recognize earnest effort in the charming delicacy and purity of M. L. Olivier Merson's "Annunciation" which he has been pleased to invest with a modern landscape. In the seclusion of a lonely hollow, the Virgin is about to draw water from a well, when the Angel's voice falls upon her ear. She listens, and her timorous glance betokens

obedience to the divine command. M. François Flameng's "Flight into Egypt" has the same true feeling and sincerity, together with an intentionally candid resort to such gothic environments as the crenelated tower of a town and a flight of angels similar to those seen in the frescoes of Florence and Pisa. The setting sun lightens the scene, at the same time announcing the approach of night. Saint Joseph is holding the Infant Jesus on his knees, while the Virgin, as she reclines against a tree, regards her divine offspring lovingly. The same vein of ideas is worked by M. Valadon in his "Mater dolorosa," which is powerfully painted yet tenderly expressed; by M. Stongue, who, with "The Virgin Mary at Golgotha," also has recourse to Gothic lore, effectively mingling therewith a page of legend, and altering the time-honored arrangement of the scene by showing us the Virgin, alone, directing her steps towards the hill of the Last Passion, which, with its three crosses, is cast in relief on a distant horizon; and by M. Maillard in his "Christian Neophyte," which is dramatically rendered and possesses great variety of facial expression.

M. Pierre Lagarde, who has often attracted attention at previous Salons, obtains a legitimate success with his "Saint Martin." This time he excites our poignant sadness and pity. The scene is laid by a river-side on a cheerless winter's evening; Saint Martin stops his horse as he comes up with a wretched old man and child, who are half naked and shivering in the cold. Everything is calculated to produce a dismal feeling: the lowering sky, from which fall hurrying snow-flakes, the leafless trees, the white roofs of the silent houses, the deserted bridge through the arches of which we obtain a perspective of ice, the body of soldiers, who continue their march, while their chief is performing his charitable office.

But here must now be inserted in our review of the religious pictures, three masterly works, records of actual daily experience, by three foreigners, two Englishmen, Mr. Bramley and Mr. S. Forbes, and a Swede, M. Wallen.

Mr. Bramley's picture has for its title the sacred words: "For of

W GAY

AT MASS IN BRITTANY

SALON DE 1892

such is the Kingdom of Heaven" and represents a child's funeral. The sad procession is passing along the quay of an English sea-port town, and the sea in the background further enhances the quiet and melancholy of the homely drama. The general tone of the composition is white and peaceful, like the little soul that has quitted the body now being borne to earth. At the head of the procession a group of little girls robed in white are singing a hymn; behind them young girls also clothed in white carry the slight white coffin suspended with white ribbons and wreathed with white and golden chrysanthemums. The bereaved parents in mourning follow, while sailors, women, and children stand respectfully by. The great grief of the humble folks, the noble feelings of the poor, the poetry of actual existence, are all rendered in this picture without pretension or effort, and with an art which is powerful because outspoken, true, and simple. The execution in fact is already that of an experienced master, easy and natural, and leads one to expect a great deal from Mr. Bramley.

Let us put back the scene a few hours, and we shall get the subject treated by M. Wallen, "The House of Death," a similar symphony in white pathetically rendered. In a room hung with white, on a little white bed surrounded by four little Breton girls, seated or kneeling, in black and white dresses, and by the light of tapers shining as twin golden stars, amid all this paleness, reposes the body of a child of the tenderest age, its waxen features leaning gently on its shoulder. A man clothed in black, the father, is steadily gazing at the dead. He does not weep, but profound grief is perceptible throughout his weary frame and in each wrinkle and furrow of his face. He is no longer young, and the loss of his little treasure seems the more crushing : simple-hearted, his trouble is none the less poignant for being silent. The scene so simple and true, but so terribly sad, cannot be witnessed with dry eyes. And yet there is no strained sentimentality about the work; the artist has been contented to render energetically and soberly what he himself has felt. Before this picture, one recalls M. Dagnan Bouveret's "Bretons attending the Pardon," and it

is no slight honor for M. Wallen to have to undergo such comparison.

We are again transported to the open and to the sea front with the "Salvation Army" of Mr. Forbes. This time the subject is in no way saddening, yet for all that there is an earnestness underlying the comic —we will not say grotesque—element. "General" Booth's soldiers have unfurled their flag under a hazy sky, in front of the grey sea, in the harbor of a small English port. The contingent is small and so is the band which figures so prominently in all the battles of the Army: two men in red jerseys and three women in the well-known uniform are doing their utmost to make up for deficiency of numbers by individual energy: the accordeon is buzzing, the big drum booming, and the singers shouting. Sailors and urchins are attracted by the noise and look on, they are not so full of chaff as the French idlers, yet they look as though they were laughing inwardly. What persuasive power there is in every strong conviction, and in any programme courageously maintained! I know not what proselytizing influence is inherent in this band of preachers, but in a short time, when their little hymn-books and prayer-books are offered for sale, several hands will be held out to receive them. If the spectator of the picture is sceptical as to the Salvationist doctrine, he cannot but admit that the painting is of good quality and texture, powerful, and yet not overdone.

In their separate renderings of "First communicants," M. Bramtot and M. Thomas take up a subject which has often been attempted and which is well adapted to good work. Both artists have placed their scenes in a country church, where the ceremony is gone through with charming impressiveness, and without the ostentation seen in Paris. M. Bramtot shows us three young girls approaching the altar, with tapers in their hands, veiled and with downcast eyes, surrounded by devout believers who furnish a series of the rustic family: the father and mother in their Sunday attire, the grandparents, and a young girl and a lad praying. The painting is well blended, the flowers producing a sweet harmony as the church becomes illumined by a bright ray of sunshine in which the lights of the tapers grow pale. I could only

CHOCARNE - MOREAU

FRIENDS

SALON DE 1892

find one fault with this graceful composition, that of artificially separating this group from a gathering which, on such occasions, is especially numerous. M. Thomas is contented with grouping fifteen or sixteen young girls, each with her book in hand, devoutly meditative under the surveillance of a nun. He could not, therefore, as M. Bramtot has done, introduce a variety of attitudes and strong contrasts, but as

MELIDA — *Zost*

their veils are raised we get a view of features in which lies hidden, beneath the decorum imposed by the solemnity of the occasion, the gaiety of early youth—a gaiety ready to break out the moment the present restraint is removed. There are no discords in this harmony in white, and the young faces are openly expressive.

"At Mass in Brittany," by an American, Mr. Walter Gay, is ably and truthfully rendered. The old man and old woman devoutly kneeling in the foreground, beneath the light from a double window, are admirably done,—the man with white hair and with placid and

refined features, the woman with dark complexion, pointed nose, mouth resolutely set, and eye full of expression. Yet I can scarcely explain the reason of the crutch which the painter has thought fit to place by her side, and which accords so ill with her bearing and apparent vigor. Behind them we see a varied group of modest-looking women, open-featured maidens, frowning grandparents, and swarthy old men. M. Dawant has been in Alsace to get the charming picture wherein he cleverly associates with a group of earnest women praying —full of variety and truth—an arch little maid offering a saint's picture to a young lad. Mrs. Wentworth, also an American, and a pupil of Cabanel's, under the title "For the Poor" has painted a group of nuns in a workroom. This lady artist has retained the accurate style of drawing and the elegance and refinement of her master; for refinement is by no means out of place in this work, and the physiognomies of the four sisters are well differentiated, in spite of the uniformity of dress. I should have preferred, however, that Mrs. Wentworth, mindful of one of the last works of Cabanel, had introduced into one or other of these faces something of the tranquil austerity so firmly depicted in the portrait of the Lady Superior of the Little Sisters of the Poor, wherein Cabanel had attained the energy of Philippe de Champaigne. M. Brispot's picture, "After the Collection," belongs to that category of anecdotal painting which makes merry in sacristies or even in churches after the faithful have departed. It would be easy in these subjects to run to extravagance or to offend good taste, but M. Brispot avoids either fault.

III.

There was a time when historical subjects composed half the Salon. Under the influence of David it seemed to one section of our artists that to render heroism in painting one must needs go back two thousand years; while the other section, under the leadership of Delacroix, quartered themselves in the old chronicles. I regret but

WENCKER

BASILISSA

AFTER QUIBERON

(JULY 21TH 1795)

slightly the disappearance of this class of conventional subjects, and my advocacy of mythology, a little while ago, was due to its being a land of dreams where we only require a little invention and fancy of our own ; whereas in history we require a rather rare perception of truth.

No doubt it is with the view of incorporating as much truth as possible in a classical subject that M. Lebayle has placed "Cicero reading his Tusculan Disputations" in a landscape drawn from nature, excellent in the simplicity of its lines, and animated by individuals of good type. M. Vimont has judiciously painted the death of Archimedes at the sacking of Syracuse on a canvas which is strangely reminiscent of student days. There is more artistic personality in the Byzantine "Basilissa" of M. Wencker. We must skip over many centuries in order to become imbued with the spirit necessary to appreciate M. Mélingue's "Catinat on the morrow of the battle of the Marsaille," in which he has invested this glorious awakening under a dais of flags with all the color the occasion demands. M. Chicotot has forcibly painted the "Death of Corneille." There may possibly be some necessity to revise the legend of this great man dying amid such wretched surroundings, but since it is found in standard books, the artist is justified in adopting it. We must, however, find fault with him for having copied at Versailles a miserable portrait in wax of Louis XIV, executed by Antoine Benoit in 1706, in order to introduce it into this scene which took place in 1684.

After the miseries and glories of the old *régime*, the French Revolution has its turn with a large, formal and cold canvas by M. Motte, representing the "10th August, 1792." M. Girardet produces quite a different impression with his picture "After Quiberon," in which, in the evening following the disaster to the royal army, the rising tide is seen to be rolling backwards and forwards the bodies lying on the shore, while some of the wounded are endeavoring to get beyond the reach of the waves by dragging themselves along on their hands and knees. Sky and ocean, rocks and earth, bodies and weapons are the work of one who is not only a master of his art, but a poet. In

M. Roussel's "The Body of Marceau restored to the French Army," we should have preferred seeing individuals who were in more expressive attitudes.

"Encampment of the French at Venice" by M. Georges Clairin, and "Return of the Regiment" by M. Le Blant are in striking contrast with the preceding scenes of military mourning. The conquerors of the Italian Army are bivouacking in rags and tatters before the ducal palace, under the badgering scrutiny of a few "aristocrats" clothed in silk of brilliant hues, while a tall spare sentinel, put to his mettle by their taunts, throws back scorn for scorn. A thrill of heroism pervades the whole subject which has been very carefully studied by the artist. M. Le Blant depicts an episode of the same kind and of the same period before one of the gates of Paris. As ill-clad as M. Clairin's volunteers, those of M. Le Blant await under arms the order to enter, and here again coxcombs and dandies are quizzing ironically but not too near, while the swarming crowd vociferously welcome the glorious return. Here conveniently we may place M. Sergent's "Marengo," in which the artist has dramatically shewn the effect of a shower of shot on a column on the march.

On account of the exceptional value of the work, we must mention by itself the "Conspirators" of M. Gérome. The catalogue says: "Ils conspirent," and what intense hatred is in their looks! Head against head, at the end of a large hall, in the glimmer of a candle which produces a striking *chiaroscuro* effect, they conjure up a concentrated vision of all the revolutionary plots of the past, and one thinks of Moreau, Pichegru and Cadoudal. The master never obtained a greater effect with simpler means.

Amid the souvenirs of 1870 let us point out "Krœuter at Forbach" by M. Bloch, "Vive la France!" by M. Moreau de Tours, "Defence of a Bridge" by M. E. P. Berne-Bellecour, "The Path of Glory" by M. Rouffet, "The Surprise" by M. Grolleron, "The Cantonnier's Story" and a "Last Effort" by M. Boutigny, "Before a Hero" by M. Alphonse Chigot, and the "Convoy of Wounded" in which M. Mer-

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KRŒUTER AT FORBACH 1870

VIVE LA FRANCE

lette resumes a theme already dealt with in a popular style by M. Detaille. The new army during the manœuvres or in garrison supplies M. Chaperon with his "Criticising the Manœuvres," and M. Loustauneau with his "Presentation of Flag to Recruits." In all these canvases the intention is excellent, and in some the achievement is truly striking. In two or three cases we ought to take exception to the technique, yet one feels grateful to the authors for keeping fresh in our minds imperishable memories.

It is with great pleasure that we find M. Maurice Bompard among those artists who go beyond the boundaries of France in search of fresh subjects. The "Diffa" and "Gathering Dates in the Oasis of Chetma," in point of bright coloring and balance of composition, bear comparison with the best efforts of our Orientalists. Under the title "Routed," M. A. Paris shows us a troop of Arab horsemen in full retreat down a hill-side. M. Ferraris represents a "Learned Monkey" amusing a group of Arabs by its dancing. We are then transported to Spain to see the "End of a Bull Fight" by M. Saint-Germier, who has brought back from his travels other canvases full of detail, and "Una vara rota" by M. Micheléna, whose *cuadrilla* pursued by the bull is very effective. "A Posada in Old Castile" by M. de Vuillefroy is of exceptional merit: the eye is delighted with the original harmony of its red tones, and with the contrast of strong sunshine in one portion of the composition with bright diffused light in the other.

IV.

When the current vocabulary of the art critic was enriched last century with the word "genre" to designate all pictures which were neither historical scenes, nor portraits, nor landscapes, nor marine pieces,—by the fluent pen, I believe, of Diderot—a signal service was rendered to both journalism and the public. The vast signification of the word afforded in all reports on the Salons a valuable means of knowing one's whereabouts amid an embarrassing variety of subjects.

The beautiful series of designs which a fervent admirer of Wagner, M. Fantin-Latour, dedicated some years ago to the creations of the great musician, has not been forgotten. Fascinated by the enraptured and poetical mysticism pervading Wagner's compositions, M. Fantin-Latour became desirous of giving expression thereto through the medium of plastic art, and succeeded with charming effect; and now that *Lohengrin* has been admitted to the *répertoire* of the Paris Opera House, he celebrates the occasion in a remarkable composition symbolizing the *Prelude to Lohengrin*, in which the Knight of the Swan is seen kneeling before an angel who is raising the Holy Grail towards heaven.

From time to time M. Jean Paul Laurens rests from his heavier labors and devotes himself to some small canvases in which he shows himself an ardent lover of graceful homely poetry, throwing it into relief by his characteristic historical learning. This year he gives us "A Reader" in mediæval attire, poring over a heavy volume. She is in a costume of green and pink, well set off by a background of oak and tapestry, and illuminated by a ray of sunshine; her pose and in fact the entire composition are most attractive. M. Wagrez' "Evensong" represents a party of young people who seem to have stepped out of the pages of the *Decameron,* or from one of Musset's Italian comedies, reposing in the corner of a park rich in verdure, while fountains throw out their refreshing sprays. A senseless act of vandalism has just given special prominence to "Attending the Doctor" by M. Vibert, who exhibits also "Polichinelle's Despair." The former picture especially is of a pleasing nature; let us hope that the damage will be easily repaired. M. Georges Cain, who is generally attracted by scenes belonging to the eighteenth century, this time pays attention to the early years of the nineteenth with his "New Acquisition," but he still finds occasion to use the luxurious furniture and the aristocratic styles of dress in which he so delights.

The interiors this year are numerous, hence I must pass them in rapid review, despite the pleasure I should take in a more leisurely

THE SURPRISE

LOUS PAUNAU

PRESENTATION OF FLAG TO RECRUITS

examination of some of them. M. Buland paints with an energetic touch the disappointment of two litigants in "Postponed for a week!" and a realistic trio of "Tipplers." In his "Steel Factory," M. Bordes provides us with a truthful picture as far as the restricted limits of a simple sketch allow. M. Geoffroy groups infantine faces which are well studied and painted, in his "Reading Lesson" and "Examination Day." That we may the less regret his absence from the Sculpture section, M. Falguière exhibits a "Maid Servant" scouring copper vessels in the white reflection of linen hanging above.

BULAND — *Tipplers*

A room illuminated simultaneously by the three lights of day, a lamp, and a hearth, and in which we see two women burning documents which they are taking from a half-opened box, is exhibited by M. de Richemont under the title of "A Sacrifice," and enables him not only to depict the poignant grief of a drama of private life, but also to display talent of the first rank. The only fault I see is in the uncertainty of the relationship between the two women. No less amiable than M. de Richemont is tragic, is M. Édouard Dantan in the "Toilette" which a young mother is performing for her rosy baby, whose attention is engaged by a little dog held by a nurse. In this subject M. Dantan once more gives evidence of his masterly management of light; it has been a labor of love with him to produce an exquisitely delicate modeling in a general harmony of rose tints.

M. Doucet, with his "Study" of a woman, is as successful this year as he was two years ago. M. Diranian, whom we shall meet again with a capital portrait, gives proof of his manipulative skill in "Repose," where he represents a beautiful young girl with auburn hair bathed in a flood of light. M. F. Martin's "Young Mother," M. Koopman's "Benedicite," a pretty "Frileuse" by M. Beyle, the "Interior of a Museum" by M. Carollery, and the "Three Brothers" by M. Laissement, deserve to be mentioned for their spirited ideas and praiseworthy execution. M. Bellery-Desfontaines' "House Surgeon's visit" and M. Olivié-Bon's "In the Laboratory," both works intended for the hospital of La Charité, have the same precision of execution, but give evidence of more extended observation.

After the interiors the scenes of outdoor city life give an opportunity to M. Outin and M. Kaemmerer to show their ability and taste, as in the "Rolling Bridge" and "Jealous," subjects dealing with the closing years of the eighteenth century and the Directoire. M. Guinéa displays his power as a colorist, with, however, some abuse of lilac tints, in a subject nearer our own time, the "Avenue de Clichy." M. Brissard comes forward as a true observer of Parisian toil in "At La Villette," and M. Enrique Mélida, recently carried off by a premature death, has rendered with much truth a little incident of the street, under the title of "Lost". M. Brispot is quite joyous in "Le Roi boit!" (Twelfth Night in France) in which a family gathering of young and old are shown at the height of their merriment.

Thanks to the modern taste for correct observation, the scenes and incidents of village life call forth each year a considerable number of pictures. M. Zwiller gives great variety of expression to his "Village Big-wigs" assembled at an Alsatian inn to discuss a serious game at cards; M. Moreau and M. Bastet, with amusing fidelity and good execution, also attract notice with the "Village Crier" and the "Credo." In previous Salons the delicacy and accuracy of Mr. Richard Hall have already been remarked; his "Innkeeper's Daughter" is life-like and well done. In M. Brunet's "Return of the Bride and

A PARIS

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ROUTED

SALON DE 1898

FERRARIS

THE LEARNED MONKEY.

SALON DE 1892

Bridegroom" we have a double pleasure a—good light-effect and a charming arrangement of scene.

If Corot could but see the delightful little canvas of M. Foubert, he would surely express himself as satisfied. It represents him, in fact, just as he loved to work, away in the woods, with his *pipette* in his mouth, while around him we see dancing a number of those nymphs with whom he was wont to enliven his backgrounds. Of almost aërial transparency, they are watching with inquisitiveness the work on which the great landscape painter is engaged. The picture is a homage paid to Corot by the French school in a manner worthy of both.

M. Jules Breton—a master of open-air perspective—a painter capable of representing the human figure as well as its rural surroundings—a realistic poet—exhibits this year "June" and "Reminiscence of Douarnenez," both pictures full of true and noble simplicity. M. Jules Lefebvre's "Daughter of Eve," lying in a grotto on an intensely green turf, and cleverly illuminated by a glancing light which brings out all the delicate modeling of her figure, is also a masterpiece. I do not think that I shall be paying M. Lynch an ordinary compliment in saying that he may be named in the same paragraph with these masters, on account of his "Decorative Panel" in which he represents a female in white dress walking in a silvery morning mist. There is curious studying of youthful physiognomies in M. Brozik's "Children going through a Wood," and in Miss Gardner's "Truants," and a charming light, and a rapid seizure of its effects, in M. Carpentier's "Summer Sun." M. Hermann-Léon's "Dogs," M. Gélibert's "There he goes!" and "After the Hunt" are good sporting studies.

Among the landscapes with human figures the visitor will notice M. Adrien Moreau's "Bathers," M. Demont's "Youth," and Mr. Knight's "First Grief." M. Barillot in his "Evening Mail," and M. Watelin in his "Normandy Meadow," show us superb cattle, scared in the former picture by an approaching train, in the latter peacefully inhaling the fresh air of their pasturage. M. Julien Dupré gives us in the "Return to the Farm" another example of his

delicate studies of animals, verdure, and light. One of the glorious survivors of our grand school of landscape-painters, M. Français, still proclaims his mastership in the views of "Bellefontaine" and "Clisson;" and the same may be said of M. Harpignies's "Banks of the Sarthe" and "View of Beaulieu." M. Lansyer has brought back from the Alpes Maritimes two excellent pictures. With multicolored and bold impasto M. Gagliardini presents a complete contrast to the method of M. Lansyer, but reveals original talent in the treatment he has adopted. It is only four or five years since M. Quignon first claimed our attention, but he is now sure both of himself and of the public. His sunny fields, and his ripe corn, hay and oats, indicate an artistic temperament of increasing vigor and originality. In "September," M. Le Poittevin has succeeded in rendering the melancholy poetry of the country in autumn. M. Didier-Pouget looks out for the delicate tints of morning and evening, on heaths and moorlands. Mr. Nettleton, an American, exhibits a subtle analysis of light in his "December Sun", and M. Moteley, a Norman, has skilfully transferred to his canvas the humid freshness of an "Old Washing Place at Clécy." M. Baillet's "August Morning" fixes the fugitive silvery gauze which floats over the surface of the water in the early hours of summer days. M. Félix Bouchor, a fervent naturalist, who is also a poet, has brought two beautiful subjects from Freneuse. Under the title of "Winter," M. Zuber has designed for the Beauvais tapestry factory a cartoon representing Carpeaux's fountain of the Observatoire covered with snow. In the simplicity of treatment suited to the capabilities of tapestry, the painting conveys with great fidelity the effect of the unwieldy snow, a glowing sky, and the greenish translucency of the water.

We encounter Madame Demont-Breton with a seaside picture at once effective and real, entitled "A Wetting," in which a mother is accustoming her son to brave the waves in order that he may become a hardy sailor. The "Azure Main," by the same artist, well deserves such a title with its delicious background of turquoise blue. Mr. Bacon,

J B GELIBERT

RABBIT SHOOTING

P. TAVERNIER

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AFTER THE HUNT

SALON DE 1892

an American, shows us "The Pilot," a young woman very correctly drawn, standing thoughtfully in the forepart of the vessel at the moment of entering the harbor. Mr. Titcomb, an Englishman, gives us a group of "Old Sea Dogs" still sound and strong. The "Fisherman's Wife" by M. Deyrolle, and the "Cockle Fisher" by M. Guillou, are two types of women in which the artists have depicted the calm and noble bearing which the sea imparts to those who live their whole lives beside it. The sea only forms the background in these pictures, but in "Gathering Sea Wrack" by an American artist, Mr. Smith Lewis, and in "Moonrise at Honfleur" by M. Thomas —both interesting studies of the effects of light on water—it occupies the entire field of the canvas. M. Yarz found on the shores of Provence a delightful marine landscape. M. Allègre represents with much fidelity two seaport towns, "Marseilles" and "Villefranche-sur-Mer;" and the same qualification is observable in M. Vauthier's "Tyne at Newcastle."

GUILBERT – *Woman of Cancale*

Slowly and patiently M. G. Fouace has attracted attention by a style of painting in which excellence is rare. His "Flesh Days" and "Fish Days" are particularly attractive, the yellows of his copper vessels, his multicolored renderings of the old ware of Rouen, the reds, the pearly whites, the golden yellows of his lobsters and oysters, his chickens and his apples, are all broadly painted and well lighted.

We must also draw attention to the "Fish" and "Autumn" of M. Eugène Claude, and to M. Rouby's "Pot-au-feu."

M. Antoine Grivolas also has patiently waited for the coming of his reputation. With his "Rose Bushes" and "In the Park," he produces a delicate yet powerful impression. M. Bourgogne has advanced beyond that stage, and "Spring Flowers" and "Autumn Flowers and Fruits" maintain his usual success. M. Bigaux's treatment is somewhat dry, but well studied, in his "Preparing Dinner" and "Amateur's Desk."

It is a rare thing for the Salon not to include a portrait which attracts a crowd by the clearness of its modeling or the particular merit of its execution. Both qualities are united in M. Bonnat's portrait of M. Renan. M. Renan is seated, with that heavy body which seems too solid a receptacle for so choice a spirit, in an attitude perfectly easy and unconstrained, his eyes dreamily thoughtful and with an indefinable smile. M. Chartran's "Portrait of Leo XIII" is also one of the successes of the Salon. The likeness, of which we cannot judge, we feel must be perfect, for the artist would not have taken upon himself to give his sitter so striking a resemblance to Houdon's "Voltaire." As to the execution it is most skilful.

The "Portrait of M. Prétet," the hanger of the pictures in the Salon, by M. Roybet, likewise attracts a good number of admirers. This broadly painted canvas gives us that keen peculiar pleasure which in all branches of art is the outcome of practical excellence. Of equal merit, yet of quite another character in its enigmatical charm, is the "Portrait of Mademoiselle Juana Romani" by the same artist.

Among the anonymous portraits we note particularly two ladies by M. Paul Dubois, one of which, that of the lady in blue velvet, demands careful examination for its fine quality and richness. M. Henner exhibits the profile portrait of a general, wherein the master asserts himself fully with his amber tones and soft fading-away of contours. In his representation of an artillery colonel, M. J.-P. Laurens has succeeded in giving a portrait by which it is not

[illegible]
(SUPPER NIGHT IN TRANCE)

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THE BRIDE'S ROOM

difficult to guess the sitter's disposition and character. M. J. Lefebvre has thrown all his strength into the "Portrait of M. Guy." In his "Portrait of M. Auguste L.," M. Benjamin Constant has gone very independently to work and many will congratulate him on this account.

We note also, among the masters of long-standing reputation, Messrs Robert-Fleury, Munkacsy, and Yvon, and let us point out the portrait of "M. Henner" by the venerable Jean Gigoux.

M. Léon Comerre exhibits two portraits, one of a young woman, the other of a young girl, attractive both of them, but especially the former, in which, in addition to elegance of figure and good coloring, the artist has succeeded in rendering a portrait not only of the features, but also of a disposition instinct with charming modesty and sincerity. M. Raphaël Collin's head of a little girl is a portrait of youthful dignity as she stands in her light-green dress against a background of rich verdure. M. G. Clairin has painted in a very delicate key the profile portrait of a young woman; M. Gabriel Ferrier, a charming little maiden in long green dress, standing before a white door; M. Schommer, portraits of a man on horseback and a lady in grey satin dress, both painted with a firm and luminous touch. M. Bordes has seized with remarkable correctness the features and expression of "Dr. Paul Reclus."

M. Diranian exhibits a man's portrait—a work quite his own in the accuracy of the coloring and the refinement of the modeling. We were well acquainted with the old women of M. Crochepierre; the two pictures for this year still attest his vigorous originality. One pauses with pleasure in front of a fine portrait of a magistrate by M. Humbert, and also in front of "Baby," by M. Ancelet. I would point out the portrait of "General Février," a model of true manliness by M. Delhumeau, "M. Deluns-Montaud" by M. Truphème, a fascinating young woman by M. Wencker, "M. Henri Chantavoine," a life-like portrait, by Mademoiselle Godin, a young girl laughing and a young woman quietly musing by M. Machard; and

also the striking portraits signed by MM. Baschet, Brouillet, Galliac, Huvey, Olivié-Bon, Jean Aubert, Baguès and Walton.

And now, as my review of the paintings at the Champs-Élysées is already too long, I will briefly summarize the general impression I have gained as follows; a very creditable average is maintained; there are some works of great power, there is no sinking below the ordinary level, and finally the names of foreigners are at the foot of some of the best canvases—a serious warning to the painters of France.

SCULPTURE.

In this year's exhibition of sculpture two prominent names are conspicuous by their absence. MM. Falguière and Paul Dubois contribute nothing, and, although a few works are of more than passing interest, the general display is not above the average.

Where, formerly, a female figure by Falguière received the visitor at the principal entrance, we now find M. Gérome's "Bellona," and attention and progress are at once arrested by a figure presenting so striking a contrast to those which have so long occupied this position. The goddess of war is standing erect, with raised arms and rigid limbs, with fiery eyes, and mouth opened wide, making a formidable appeal to arms. In one hand she holds a sword, in the other a shield covered with bloodstained laurel leaves; near her is a serpent hissing and puffed with venom. If sculpture demands calm and sedate attitudes, even when violence and passion are interpreted, nothing can be more unorthodox than the action of this figure; but the present departure from that rule is amply justified by the result. By means of painted ivory, green stones, and bronze gilt, silvered, or colored

BELLONA

artificially, the statue endeavors to reproduce the actual tints of life. M. Gérome this time takes from the Greeks their chryselephantine sculpture, as legitimate an art now as formerly. We are accustomed to the dead white aspect of marble and to the dark luster of bronze; why should we not admit the enlivening effect of various colors? It would be a means of putting warmth into what are otherwise very chilly productions.

M. Gérome also sends a tinted marble group of "Pygmalion and Galatea." Galatea is not entirely changed from the condition of marble, her feet are still united to the mass of the pedestal, but the sculptor does not await the final blow of the chisel; he has just implanted a kiss on the lips of the statue, and under its vivifying influence, Galatea becomes animated and returns his embrace. The figures are full of true action, and in Galatea we perceive those delicate details of modeling which two years ago, in the case of the statue of "Tanagra," evoked the admiration of sculptors. But the last named statue was but faintly colored; the group of this year is fully colored. I do not complain, but inasmuch as M. Gérome's experiment is being imitated, it is only right that I should put his disciples on their guard against what may be a very serious drawback, viz, if the sculptor's work is not completed by the painter with extreme lightness of hand, the marble assumes a soft waxy aspect. Such a defect is already perceptible, for example, in M. Barrau's group "Matho and Salammbo" which otherwise is a work of the first order.

M. Lombard's "Samson and Delilah" is one of those fine and finished works which an artist, however successful he may be in after years, always recollects with just pride, because they were labors of love, in the production of which he threw his whole soul. This group recalls the great masterpieces of the Italian Renaissance. But the sculptor has proved himself a successor and not an imitator of the Italian masters, for he has stamped his work with a marked originality and modern feeling.

M. Peynot exhibits two decorative compositions forming part of

the monument raised by the city of Lyons "To the Glory of the Republic," and the "Four Quarters of the Globe" for the château of Vaux-le-Vicomte, wherein, while following the French tradition of the two last centuries, he recasts it so as to accord more with the feeling of modern life. The artist has displayed a simplicity and a breadth of execution which, especially in the "Four Quarters of the Globe," modernize the oldest of allegories.

One might easily conceive "Joan of Arc" as altogether a different being from the representation of her in the gigantic group by M. Roulleau. It is in vain to say that Joan was a robust and hardy peasant girl, we consent to see her grandiose, yet we are desirous that she should preserve the feminine grace and proportions which her contemporaries unanimously acknowledge in her. Now what becomes of all these modest qualifications in the work of M. Roulleau? On a horse which clears with one tremendous bound a barrier of stakes and dead bodies, the heroine, in keeping with her steed, seems to have lost every characteristic of her sex. I fear that M. Roulleau has overstepped the mark. And yet this work is no commonplace achievement, and I should willingly see it cast in bronze and commanding one of those battle-fields where Joan was victorious.

M. Frémiet continues his splendid series of subjects drawn from the Middle Ages in his "Constable Olivier de Clisson," an equestrian figure in high relief. The great feudal chieftain who identified himself with the cause of France against England again lives for us in this work. Stalwart and sinewy, mounted on a powerful and graceful charger, and holding firmly a huge sword garlanded with laurel leaves, in so confined a frame he reminds one of Verrochio's "Condottiere."

Between this rugged soldier and M. A. Boucher's "Repose," the contrast is complete; and so too is the contrast between this same "Repose" and M. Boucher's previous works. It was the pronounced vigor of his exhibit of last year, "The Soil," which obtained for him the medal of honor, and his art is mostly of an energetic stamp, yet

his "Repose" is full of grace and gentleness. A young female, nude, is represented lying asleep, but on too small a couch; for although with legs bent she may lie there, she could not possibly do so at full length. In spite of this minor consideration, nothing could be more chaste, more delicate, or more deftly modeled than her charming figure, the most exquisite contribution in the sculpture section.

Ernest Christophe, the sculptor, pupil and collaborator of Rude, has recently passed away. He now makes his final appearance at the Salon with "The Last Kiss," which was purchased by the State a few months before the artist's death, at the instigation of M. José Maria de Hérédia. Christophe, afflicted with a dreadful malady, was drooping and downcast one morning in June of last year as M. de Hérédia ushered in the Director of the Beaux-Arts. In the middle of the apartment surrounded by four naked walls, which had formerly been adorned with beautiful tapestries and a sumptuous selection of art treasures, stood the plaster model of "The Last Kiss," and, beside it, the marble in course of transformation. To defray the expenses of the work the artist, smitten simultaneously with sickness and ill-fortune, had had to sell the objects which had hitherto embellished his home. As soon as the minister was informed of the sculptor's sad circumstances, he ordered the purchase of the group. Christophe succeeded in finishing it, but died immediately after. Standing on her hind feet the Sphynx clasps to her bosom a young man whose life is crushed out of him in the embrace. The artist's purpose was to illustrate the union of pleasure and death. The impression is striking, and evidence of the power of the deceased master is given in every portion of the work, which combines classical simplicity with a vein of romance.

M. Puech also represents a scene of allegorical death, but of a milder type. "Cupid" with wings broken is expiring beneath the weight of a sack of money. It might be called a theme from the Greek or Latin anthology, modeled with refinement and elegance by a vigorous yet sensitive hand. If he executes it in marble M. Puech will no doubt give more precision to the modeling which at present is

a little too crude. An excellent decorative piece of work is "Nessus" by M. Marqueste, who has represented the centaur wounded by an arrow while carrying off Dejanira. The general composition and the broad rendering of details produce a powerful yet poetical effect. Qualities of a similar kind are to be found in M. Henri Vidal's, "Paysan du Danube," M. Hannaux's "Mercury and Bacchus," M. Larroux's "Nymph and Dolphin," M. Soulès's "Satyr and Bacchante," and especially in M. Albert Lefeuvre's "Muse of the Woods" and M. Suchetet's "Genius of the Flowers." Attention must be paid also to M. Larche's "Mirror," representing two young satyrs looking at their cloven feet and then at their roguish-looking heads reflected in the mirror of a pool.

And all these subjects belong to mythology or allegory. We have surely no need to fear that the sculptors will abandon, as the painters have done, the legends and types of antiquity, the nude and drapery being a primordial necessity of their art. In the same order of ideas M. Mercié has executed, for the tomb of Cabanel, a marble statue entitled "Regret." The expression and general arrangement are sufficiently novel to assert once more M. Mercié's claim to great originality in that branch of symbolical delineation in which he vies with the lamented Chapu. Beside this masterpiece it is not displeasing to find M. Aizelin's "The Wolf and the Lamb," M. Croisy's "Architecture," M. Convers's "Enigma" and "Grasshopper," M. Chavalliaud's "Genius of Liberty," and M. Basset's bas-relief representing "Letters, Science and Law."

In that class of sculpture in which abstract ideas are rendered by contemporary realism, and one of the first examples of which was given by Delaplanche in his "Maternal Care," M. Chatrousse exhibits "A Foster Mother" in the guise of a robust harvest-woman seated on a sheaf and suckling an infant asleep. This broadly treated group is a most notable work.

Religion provides M. Jules Thomas with a beautiful figure of "Saint Michael," and M. Caravaniez in taking the Virgin for his

WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE

subject has, so far as is possible, produced a new type. M. Barrias borrows from history "Joan of Arc in prison," a statue destined to decorate the town of Rouen. His talent is fully displayed in this attractive figure, where everything is arranged to produce the most powerful effect by the simplest means. M. Gaudez's "Molière as upholsterer," representing a youth reading a comedy while reclining in an unfinished arm chair at which he has been working, is interesting, although anecdotal sculpture scarcely ever means good sculpture. M. Icard's group of "The Rights of Man," partly realistic, partly symbolic, is good.

Historical statues are numerous, as usual. Among them I would point out M. Mercié's "William Tell," M. Rambaud's "Agrippa d'Aubigné," although a little too slender, M. Bartholdi's "Washington and Lafayette," simple and noble as befits such a group, M. Étienne Leroux's warlike "Surcouf in Battle," a singular "Goya" by Tavera, a refined life-like figure of "Ricord" by M. Barrias, a "Berlioz" somewhat declamatory by M. Rambaud, a "General Faidherbe" of haughty yet simple bearing by M. Louis Noël, a "Colonel Bourras" by M. Morice, and "Cardinal Manning" by M. Bengy-Puyvallée.

Among the full length portraits of private individuals, we note a group of two children, boy and girl, by M. Labatut. They are well posed and executed with life-like fidelity, yet their dress is too elaborately shown; one might count the stitches, and the lace-work is perfectly deceptive.

An innumerable army of busts are displayed in the garden. I can make no attempt at any analysis of them here, but will content myself with a passing notice of the heads reproduced by such artists as MM. Allouard, Bernstamm, Crauk, Devenet, Enderlin, Fagel, Maillard, etc.

In the forefront of animal sculptors M. Auguste Cain exhibits a group of "Tigers fighting" in which rage is well portrayed. M. Geoffroy's wild beasts are milder. M. Georges Gardet comes well towards the front with a fine group of "Bison and Jaguar," M. Guillot's

"Dogs" after killing a wolf are panting visibly over the body of their victim. The "Indian Bear Hunters" of an American sculptor, Mr. Douglas Tilden, is a good representation of a subject which has already been handled in a masterly way by M. Frémiet.

Our school of sculpture has often been more prolific than it is this year, but though conspicuous works are rarer, the general efficiency is about the same, and we may congratulate ourselves that there is no lack of earnest workers in this field of French art.

VAN DER STRAETEN

SOCIÉTÉ NATIONALE

DES

BEAUX-ARTS

PAINTING

I.

When I commenced this review of the two exhibitions of painting I expressed regret at the schism which now divides the French school, yet no regret shall hinder my doing justice to the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, nor shall any flattery of which the Société is the object deter me from giving a candid opinion on all points where I consider it may be specially requisite.

The Société has dangerous friends, and if it paid attention to them only, it would soon fall headlong down the precipice over which even now it is hanging. Its success ensures its existence, and no fear need therefore be entertained of compromising its interests by discussing them freely. Having stated and still maintaining my objections to the separation, it is nevertheless a pleasure to recognize the good that has ensued and to derive a profitable lesson therefrom. It is a more thankless task to put the Société on its guard against the errors and the evil that it may commit, yet even on this score there is an equally valuable lesson to be learnt.

In the first place it is certain that, by declaring its resolution to make a most careful selection of the works submitted to it, the Société of the Champ de Mars has stimulated the Champs-Élysées to do likewise and has afforded it the necessary courage to stem the rising flood of commonplace productions gradually overwhelming the canvases possessing any interest. Not that the rigid principles with which it started have been strictly adhered to; there is still need for diminishing, and considerably too, the number of works exhibited if such as possess no interest except for their authors are to be got rid of. The influence of fellowship, although about equally strong on both sides, has not similar play at the Champ de Mars and the Champs-Élysées. Nevertheless, there is in each camp a severer selection in force than formerly, and criticism will do good to each party by encouraging it to continue in the same wholesome line of conduct.

For many years the State organized the Salon with the faithful adherence to erroneous precedents characteristic of all public administrations. Accordingly, each spring, the rooms of the Champs-Élysées were decorated with the same faded tapestry, and in those same rooms the State arranged the pictures in lines pressing close on one another from top to bottom, heedless of the interaction of effects between subjects thus brought into such close association The Société des Artistes, to which it relegated its powers, preserved

CAROLUS DURAN

PORTRAIT OF Mme W

these arrangements and continued them till 1890; the public had become habituated to the red Turkey carpet and an almost uninterrupted expanse of painted canvas, it did not seem to desire anything else, and on the part of the officials there was anything but a disposition to arouse feelings of luxury and comfort. Desirous of attracting and retaining the public, the Société du Champ de Mars offered something better. One of its members, M. Guillaume Dubufe, undertook to transform for its use the old building of the Palais des Beaux-Arts of the Exposition Universelle of 1889, and revealed himself a decorator and upholsterer of the first order. Accordingly, the opening of the Société's first exhibition, in May 1890, apart from the merits of the works displayed, was a very agreeable surprise. The pictures were hung at a convenient height, with sufficient spaces intervening; the ceilings were shown in positions similar to those they were destined to occupy; here and there doors were draped with luxurious curtains; and last of all a sitting-room hung with tapestry was furnished with comfortable seats and with tables supplied with albums. It was indeed time that the Société des Artistes was stirred to emulation; it also would have its comfort and luxury, and, in fact, at once surpassed its rival which had led the way. Since 1891 it has, in this respect, deserved the unanimous praises of the public. The Minister of Fine Arts only ratified them when he addressed the Société at the distribution of rewards as follows: "Your rooms were models of arrangement and taste: one of them, containing neither picture nor statue, was in itself a work of art." He alluded to the delightful grey *salon* through which one had to pass to reach the *buffet* on the first floor, and which was indeed a most agreeable half-way house for the visitors.

The Société des Artistes has maintained this superiority. Even should I offend my friends of the Champ de Mars, I must declare that the arrangement at the Champs-Élysées is by far the more sensible. The pictures no longer scale the walls to inaccessible heights, they are arranged in two rows only, and this is quite sufficient. We should still

like more space between the pictures, but a great improvement is noticeable even in this respect. The greatest material advantage is in having kept the rooms of limited dimensions, with the exception

HAGBORG *Bijou and Honore*

of the large *Salon d'honneur* and the two long galleries leading from it on the right and left on entering. There are thus thirty-six rooms, of which three are large : an excellent arrangement which one would like to find in all museums. If, in fact, we must have spacious rooms for the exhibition of large canvases, so that the spectator may look at them from a suitable distance, the small pictures are nevertheless seen to greater advantage in rooms of ordinary dimensions, where they are not lost, and where it is easy for the eye to single them out. At the Champ de Mars, on the contrary, the exhibition is held in a series of long spacious rooms, and it is with some misgiving that

LHERMITTE

THE FRIEND OF THE LOWLY

SALON DE 1892

BLANCHE

THE GUEST

SALON DE 1892

one undertakes to pass through them all. It is politic as well as charitable not to let the spectator obtain this impression.

I am of opinion, therefore, that the organizers of the Champ de Mars would do well to divide their galleries, and thus increase the number of their rooms. Under the present system each room contains three or four sensational pictures, in front of which the visitors collect in crowds, the other pictures only obtaining a few hasty glances. Smaller rooms would allow these sensational pictures to be distributed in such a manner that subjects of minor importance could be arranged around them to the greater advantage of both classes of exhibits. In private dwellings the apartments most pleasing are those where least study for effect is apparent, where there are little recesses arranged without order and occurring unexpectedly; and the same holds good with exhibition galleries generally.

Amid such surroundings, at which of the two exhibitions do we find the highest level of art? I should have preferred not to answer this question, but it is unavoidable; everyone asks it. The contending rivalries are too recent and keen not to force the critic to declare his preference; and it is, moreover, a thoroughly national and justifiable habit to arrange in order of merit, for only by comparison can we arrive at a correct judgment.

At the Champs-Élysées the painting is steadier and less inclined to change, adhering to the traditions of art, but adding thereto a touch of originality. It continues to bring forth qualities which, whether excellent or modest, are nevertheless equally indispensable, such as decorum, conscientious effort, and, above all, an anxious concern in the arrangement of a composition without which there would be no true works of art. The masters who have remained faithful to the Société des Artistes exercise a much more beneficial influence by their works than by their proceedings as members of the jury. It is not possible for the younger hands, with certain comparisons forced upon them, to exceed a certain degree of infatuation and extravagance. The result is that we have a collection of works of which a few are

altogether of the first rank, and many worthy of considerable notice. The majority really deserve to be called pictures, having been carefully studied and composed, forming an harmonious whole, and possessing a value beyond that of mere purpose and detail. There are, perhaps, too many literary subjects, that is to say subjects which appeal more to the intellect than to the eye, and which occasionally substitute for the methods of expression proper to painting others which should only serve for writing. This, however, is the ordinary defect of the French school and may perhaps be considered the price of its good qualities. Our race is too prone to exact from a picture the same kind of impression as from a book, and it is in vain that some of our best painters are painters, that is to say men more capable of combining form and color than of conducting intellectual operations, they do but follow the national bent and put too much literature into their works. They have been too much encouraged in this direction by art criticism which, since the time of Diderot, has not taken sufficient note of the special laws which determine the means of expression proper to painting, and which render it necessary that the beauty of a poem and that of a picture, being different in kind, should be discussed and estimated by different methods. Criticism in art matters is more inclined to the production of literary effect than to the pure and simple consideration of art itself, and in the critic's estimation the examples of plastic art which are before him, and which should be his special study, acquire more or less value according as they offer more or less scope for literary developments.

It seems that the exhibitors at the Champ de Mars, in virtue of the law requiring that every action must be a reaction, have come to the decision not merely to differ but to do exactly the opposite of what is done by their *confrères* from whom they have separated. Already, in many of them, we notice a falling off in attention to composition, and a desire, when they do take pains over this part of their work, to substitute what is startling and unconventional for methodical thoroughness and its inherent clearness of expression.

J. BERAUD

DESCENT FROM THE CROSS

SALON DE 89.

MARCIUS-SIMONS

« MY KINGDOM IS NOT OF THIS WORLD »

SALON DE 1892

The consequence of this preoccupation is that we get more impressions and sketches than finished works. Even among the portraits it would seem that contempt for completeness is the first rule of this new æstheticism. Of course the old precepts as to the reciprocal importance of line and color meet with the same disdain. I will not go so far as to say that a great number of their productions are neither painted nor drawn, but it is evident that in many of them the research of one single object has supplanted the endeavor to attain those qualities which for a long time constituted, and which, I believe, still constitute, the basis of the painter's art. Their sole care is the study of light, a patient, delicate study, full of agreeable surprises, which has succeeded in securing a place of honor for the colors of bright daylight, previously too long replaced by sombre interiors. When such research is aided by true artistic temperament, it produces charming and novel effects; when it is nothing but the application of a fashionable system, it results in a medley of attenuated tints. And it is a great consolation for the visitor, when, in the midst of all these eccentric and capricious incoherences, he reaches one of those large canvases into which M. Puvis

OAN *Inside an omnibus*

de Chavannes introduces so much thought and arrangement, or is confronted with one of M. Carolus Duran's solid, broad and bold masterpieces.

A striking contrast! These two masters are the leaders at the Champ de Mars, and their particular qualities form an eloquent contradiction of the enigmas displayed beside their own productions. We might say the same of Meissonier, who was the first President of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, and whose concise yet full treatment, faultless drawing, and matchless neatness would have spontaneously refuted the outrageously false theories which asserted themselves under the ægis of his name, were it not that such leaderships are purely conventional, and that every group of artists, on its formation, now inscribes as the first article in its constitution the right of individual independence. There could not have been, and there is not, in fact, at the Champ de Mars more than a very general tendency of the kind I have tried to define, a tendency dangerous or salutary according as it is exclusive or eclectic, or according as it reconciles itself with legitimate needs or imprudently rejects them. But divergences are numerous; from the high road which has been newly marked out and which Panurge's sheep follow as elsewhere, originality, inaugurating for itself different paths trending in the direction which has always been followed by the French school, and applying the results obtained by innovators of the last few years to older national qualities, unites the delicate study of light with that of contemporary life, and with that anxiety for truth in the matter of proportion, drawing, and neatness which remains our constant safeguard. I shall have to point out at the Champ de Mars, as at the Champs-Élysées, many good canvases: with some few exceptions they will be works upon which the press and the public have already pronounced a verdict, and I hope that the reader will, without any undue prepossession, see, as we examine the various selections together, a confirmation of the ideas I have just enumerated.

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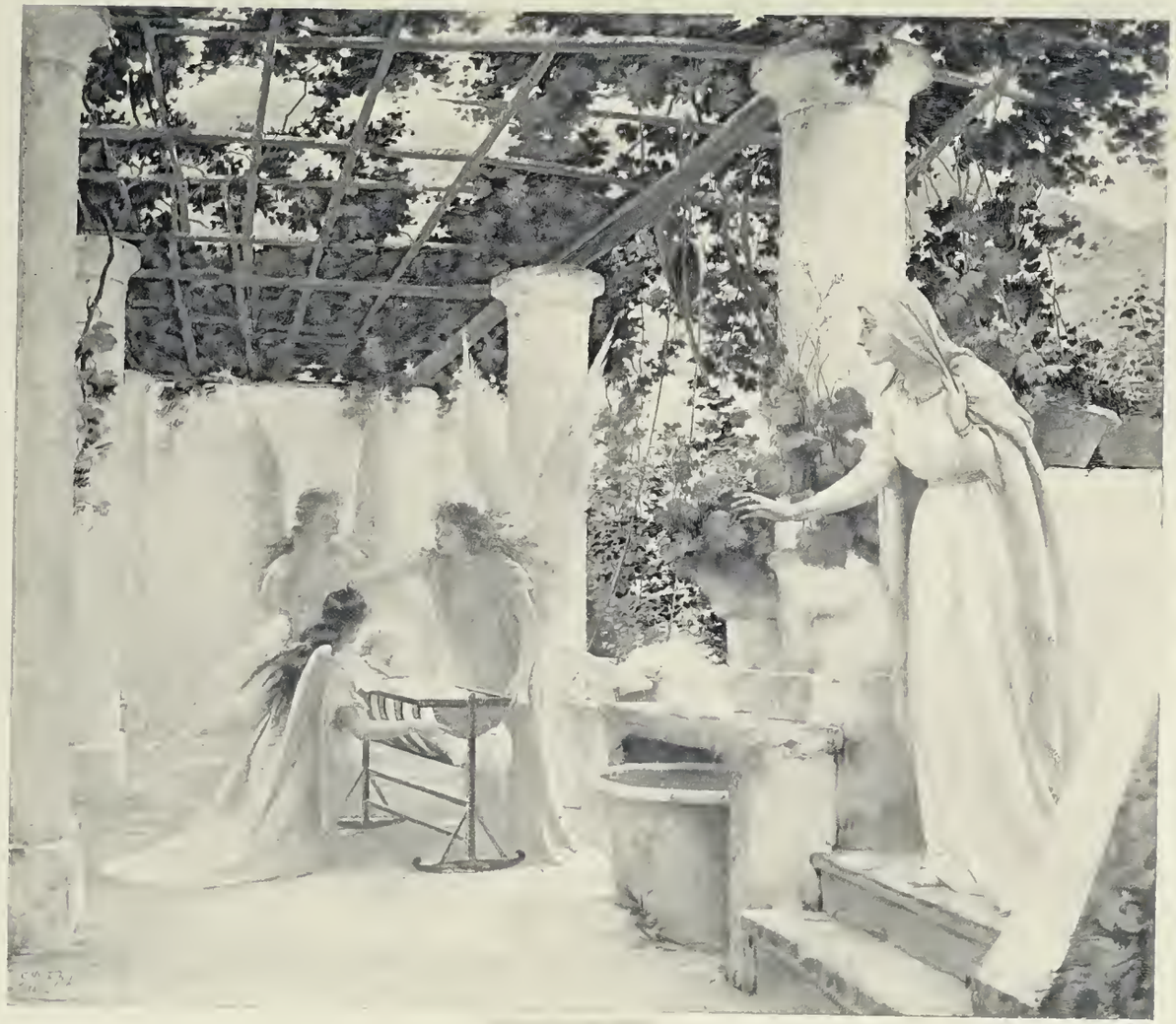

THE [illegible] OF THE INFANT [illegible]

In the meantime, in order to anticipate the inevitable question, I will state that the average merit at the Champ de Mars is not superior to that of the Champs-Élysées; it is of a different kind.

Generally speaking the artists of one Salon have endeavored to produce works different from those that are to be found in the other, although here and there we come across permanent features of one and the same school. In each there are many noticeable pictures; and the two combined would produce one Salon of the first order. Separated as they are now the Salons are incomplete, and afford me an additional incentive to protest against the spirit of discord and everything tending to sever the French school. In the domain of art, as elsewhere, we have need to combine our forces, and whatever may be the pretext given, every act of separation means a loss of power. After all, what has been the result of those changes which were to transform the Champ de Mars into a society altogether different from the Champs-Élysées? The jury chosen by general suffrage has been replaced by a self-elected jury, and the medals formerly voted are represented by fellowships or associateships. A poor result for such heavy labors, and slight compensation for the loss of harmony!

II

At the end of the first room open to the public, is hung the large composition by M. Puvis de Chavannes entitled "Winter," and the visitor at once directs his steps towards it whether he knows by whom this attractive work is signed or not. The impression given by it is instantaneous, and is unassailable from first to last by anything else in the room. In a plain, on the sea-shore, at the foot of a wooded hill, is to be seen on the left a ruin, a clump of trees in the center, and in the background a hut. In the middle of this landscape three groups are seen engaged in various operations, which are, however, deftly controlled by the twofold unity of purpose and manner of composition.

The artist has endeavored to depict the phases of human suffering and labor in winter-time. The ground is covered with snow, and hunger and cold have to be fought against. In the background a company of men skirting the shore and the forest are seen returning from hunting; two of them are carrying the quarry; a wearied pack of hounds are following the whipper-in; men on horseback bring up the rear. In the middle distance wood-cutters are in the act of pulling down a poplar, the lower portion of which has been deeply cut through by a man who is seen leaning on an axe. In the foreground an old woman is picking up wood, and men are carrying faggots; an old man shelters himself from the wintry blast in a corner of the ruin; a mother is holding her child to her bosom, as she receives a piece of bread offered to her by one of the wood-cutters; and a father is holding near the fire the numbed feet of a little boy. The picture gives an impression of mournful sadness in spite of the occupations and actions animating some of the figures; in the brightness of a sun devoid of warmth, one feels the keen wind which lashes the distant waves and passes through the rigid trunks and leafless

MME BRESLAU — *A Winter Shower*

Mme MADELEINE LEMAIRE

THE FAIRIES CAR

ALIN DE 18

LAMBERT

PLUNDER

branches of the trees. Dejection is apparent in the crouching attitudes of these poor folks, the hunters are worn out by fatigue, there is none of their customary buoyancy of spirit in those sturdy woodcutters, who in more genial weather would draw merriment from the severest toil.

But how can I discuss, without becoming commonplace, the learned composition, the precision of method, the broad, simple touch, the accurate soft tones and the chastened firm drawing so characteristic of the originality of M. Puvis de Chavannes? His exhibit of this year combines all these qualities and enhances them to the utmost; it is imbued with that profound sense of nature which will perhaps continue in our generation the dominant feature of the poetry of art. By its aid M. Puvis de Chavannes identifies himself with his time and appeals to the inmost sympathies of his contemporaries. It is to his contemplation of vast expanses and to the serenity of mind that the tranquillity of their lines imparts, that he owes the restfulness forming so complete a contrast to the feverishness affecting the majority of our artists. And, besides, the mechanical professional craftsmanship occupies very little prominence in all these thoughtful compositions, every detail of which bears the impress of a master hand. It is for this reason that our artist, after a long and hard fight, now finds that his work commands a most rare unanimity of admiration from connoisseurs and the public alike.

The age we live in is one of contrasts. At one and the same time, and often in the same individuals, we frequently see in operation influences which appear as though they must completely neutralize each other. At the beginning of the century the sentimental Christianity resuscitated by Châteaubriand was struggling with the raillery and incredulity bequeathed by Voltaire, and it would then have seemed impossible that any one being could have harbored both modes of thought. This, however, is what now occurs. We have adopted in turns so many ideas and have so often listened to contradictory arguments, that strong convictions, whose very essence is

exclusiveness, have gradually yielded to a kind of eclectic indifference or fugitive and superficial sympathy, wavering between one object and another with no special repugnance or predilection for either. The course of history, the progress of science, the research of exotic opinions and a general cosmopolitan tendency, together with a national proclivity for irony and paradox, are the principal factors of the present condition of our mind, which declares itself equally in trivial and frivolous matters, in the highest walks of literature and in the daily press, as also in genre painting and in the greatest artistic efforts.

And so it is with religious subjects. It is very certain that since the publication of M. Renan's *Life of Jesus*—a beautiful book and one of tremendous power—the ranks of the believers have been thinned rather than increased in our country; and yet for all that the legends of piety have never inspired more poets or artists than now, nor ever met with larger circles of readers or crowds of spectators. Think not of asking the public to adjust its inner life in conformity with its appreciation of the artistic or literary rendering of things sacred, it would only laugh at you. But it goes in throngs to the theaters where religious mysticism alternates with realism of the least sentimental kind; where it listens to the *Passions* of Bouchor, Haraucourt, and Grandmougin, authors of very dissimilar casts of thought and of unequal talent, but all seeking to dramatize subjects which had been allowed to sink into oblivion. This singular tendency is due to causes of which the analysis is as difficult as their effects are striking: a need of justice aroused by social sufferings more acute and less ignored than in former times—a reaction induced by the excesses of materialism—a discontentedness with the present and anxiety for the future—a morbid desire for new sensations and, above all, that unsettled dilettantism which I tried to describe just now, attracted by everything and attaching itself to nothing.

Such a state of contemporary thought could not remain without influence on art. Accordingly, for several years past, we have seen

M. I. WIL

EVENIN

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H. W. MESLAG

RETURN OF THE FISHING BOATS

A. N. 1882

MATHEY — *Portrait of Mad^lle M*

a tolerably large number of religious subjects all permeated with the prevailing ideas. It was natural that the Champ de Mars, the chosen ground of daring attempts, should offer them abundantly. This year painters seem to compete with one another in reproducing incidents in the life of Christ.

Amid all the canvases inspired by the Divine Story, M. Lhermitte's "Friend of the Lowly" appears to me the most earnest, the least open to objection, and the most worthy of its subject. Christ has just entered the house of a poor family and seated himself at the table; he is breaking bread and offering it to his hosts—one an old man with a long grey beard, the other a man in the prime of life, both of them rough and homely. They understand in Whose presence they are and their faces express their respect and adoration. Behind them the mother and a youth, anxious to do honor to their Guest, yet ignorant still of His Divine personality, are bringing in plates and a dish. The eye is at once struck by the enraptured awe animating the features and by the correctness of the attitudes: Christ lighted from behind, the two men confronting the light as it streams in through the window, the mother and son, appearing in the back-

ground, are all presented with a vigor and a sobriety of effect which are nature and truth itself. The scene therefore achieves its principal object when once the spectator remarks its design and drift : the personages are quite modern and the slightest details manifest the artist's intention to localize the scene in our very midst. The table, the chairs, the clothes, and the articles of everyday household use compel us to withdraw the miraculous apparition from the Story of old, to re-invest it with modern elements and thus to join in the adoration of the group. The attempt is a bold one and the painter needs true courage to run the risk of offence. He has produced a powerful impression, but he might have produced only a sneer. It was thus that the early Italians worked in perfect sincerity, and after them the masters of the Renaissance with a deeper purpose. But the method is only legitimate when applied to works of the finest quality; it will brook neither mediocrity itself nor what borders on it, and we shall soon see to what results it leads even artists of some standing. As to M. Lhermitte, he has triumphantly carried off the guerdon of his labors. Everything in his composition is of the first order, there is mutual interdependence between essential parts of the picture and minor details, and above all, an impress of sincere energy and simple grandeur.

M. Jean Béraud has resorted to the same means in his "Descent from the Cross," but the effect obtained is more open to discussion. The talented delineator of the elegancies of Parisian life now experiences the inconvenience of his reputation. One naturally asks how the intense religious feeling and seriousness of purpose demanded by such a work as the "Descent from the Cross" can be reconciled with the light-heartedness of the artist's earlier performances. Doubtless the privilege of art is to give to its votary the faculty of expressing sentiments not really his own. In the matter of religions artists represent with true devotion mythological divinities in whom they have no faith; but in this connection, Christianity being the faith of a very large number of spectators, they are not at first disposed to

MATERNAL CARES

RIXENS.

THE BLIND MAN OF ST AVANTIN.

SALON DE 1892

think that it can afford legitimate material for artistic dilettantism. But let us see what there is of intrinsic value in the picture itself.

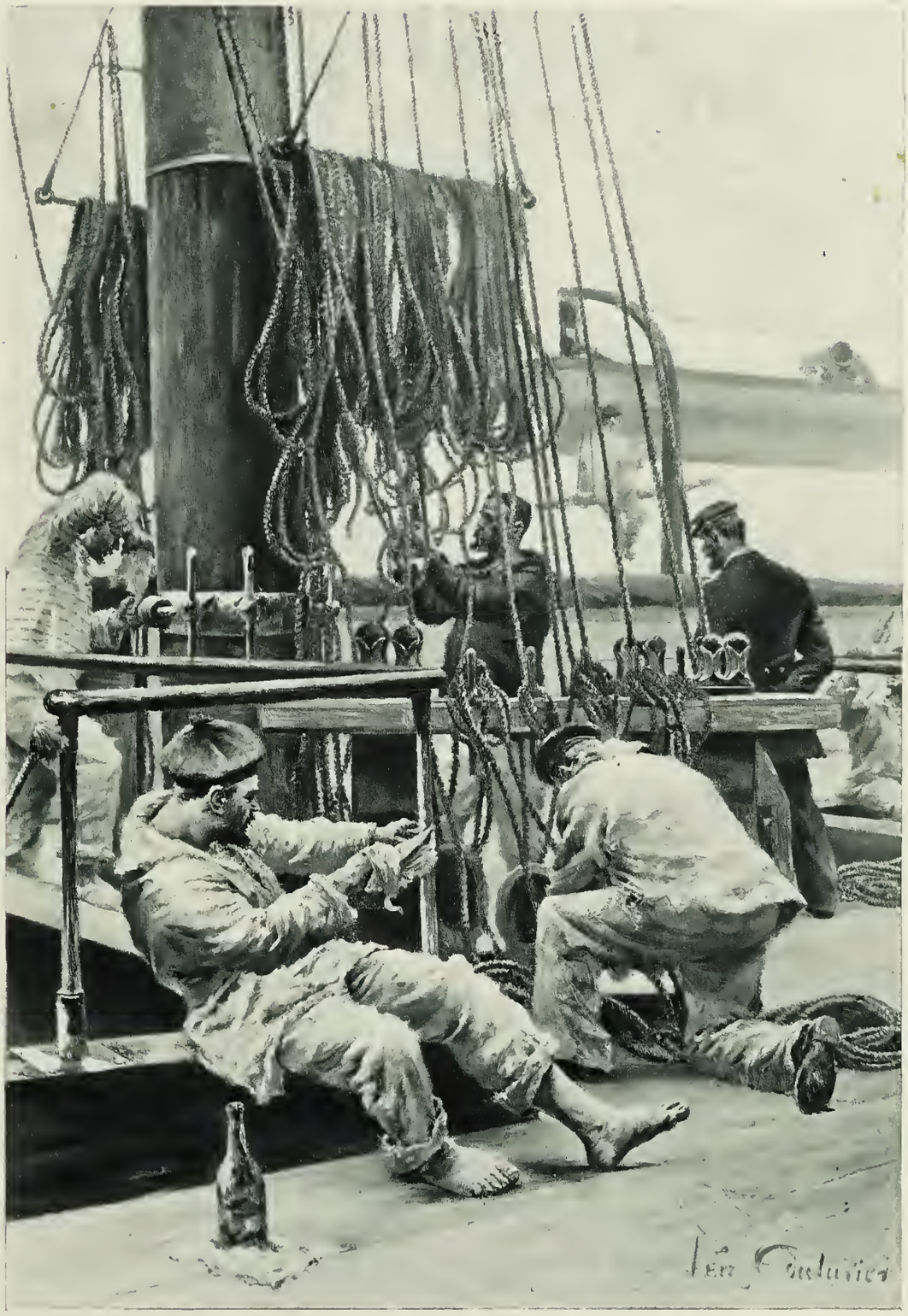
We are standing before the Cross on the summit of a hill, but the first glance tells us that the hill is not Golgotha : the distance in this composition clearly shows the lofty chimneys and buildings of modern Paris, while in the foreground a few articles of attire—vest, cap and straw hat—fix the period beyond question. If perchance these details escape the visitor's notice, a workman in blouse standing in full relief against the horizon, would sufficiently enlighten the most inattentive. The body of Jesus has been lowered down from the Cross, and is almost touching the ground; three men are supporting it, a man in morning dress and two workmen, one in a striped coat the other in tattered trousers. A group of men and women of the lower orders in the position usually given to the chief mourners in this scene, are lamenting over the dead Christ. Above is a livid sky, while a gale is blowing across the hill.

The first impression given by this representation is very mixed. First of all our prejudices are aroused. We are no longer in that state in which were the simple-minded admirers of the early religious paintings. No anachronism troubled them; it did not occur to them to ask if the contemporaries of the Passion wore the same garments as themselves. The decorators of the cathedrals painted and sculptured with the same innocence and ignorance as their public possessed. Since then the education of both artists and public has proceeded with equal pace. Lectures and pictures have taught them wherein the old civilization differed from ours; and they certainly know that no such scene as that depicted by M. Béraud ever took place in our time. In their scepticism they even ask if in the Paris of to-day there would not be some difficulty in finding the believers requisite for performing conscientiously the parts of the drama. If the same objection were applied to M. Lhermitte, one might reply to the advantage of the latter that, in his canvas, details have only a secondary importance, and consequently do not first attract our

attention. But with M. Jean Béraud, the reverse is the case; the artist's conviction does not appear so open and unreserved, and in the absence of perfect sincerity the work loses much of its force. Moreover a detail upon which M. Béraud no doubt sets great value, produces just the opposite effect to what he expected. I refer to the workman who is standing on the left, at the edge of the composition. It is easy to see that he is launching anathemas against the sinful city whose disorders are a daily crucifixion of the Divinity. But, besides the recollection of which I was speaking just now, of the complacency and good temper with which the artist has hitherto represented the elegant features of that city, we have all witnessed, seen and heard this man in the same attitude with extended arm and clenched fist on Sunday evenings, while discoursing incoherently, on anything but religious topics, under the influence of drink.

In spite of these exceptions the picture displays a considerable amount of talent, and, as soon as we get over the first impression, even if it does not give rise to religious emotion, it produces a keen appreciation of a work of art in the execution of which a very skilful artist has exerted all his power. There is not an individual of the entire group that is not accurately drawn, no features that are not full of expression, not one characteristic that is not subservient to the artist's purpose and that does not render it effectively. Although the details have had so much labor bestowed on them, they nevertheless contribute to the general effect to which they are subordinate. The result is that we have a group superbly arranged, with each physiognomy and each attitude, equally powerful and original, dominated by an all-pervading feeling of desolation.

It is possible that we may not agree with M. Jean Béraud as to the object that he has endeavored to carry out; we are at least forced to accord it the honors of a regular discussion. I fear greatly that M. Jacques Blanche's picture of "The Guest" will produce undisguised astonishment. It reveals to us a Christ with the features of a visionary in Japanese costume, seated in such a dining-room



SATURDAY ON BOARD

A. AUBLET

TREPORT

(OLD SAILORS)

SALON DE 1892

as might be found in any private house, in front of a sideboard of English pattern on which are two candles which frame the divine head in an unexpected manner. Around him stand, wondering what strange guest they are honoring, the various members of the family: an old artist, an old lady in mourning, a man of mature age, a young man, two young women, two little girls, a dog, and a servant who is bringing Christ a plate of ham. At the sight of this singular canvas, devout persons will be scared and the indifferent will pass by with a smile. As to the talent of the artist, it has passed through the ordeal scathless; the delicacy of light and shade and the softness of the blue tint enveloping the composition are remarkable.

"The Last Supper," by M. La Touche, gives rise to fewer objections. It is in the early Italian style and breathes the simple sincerity which ought to be the first law of all representations of this class. We have a further instalment of characteristic Parisian types and scenery applied to biblical subjects in M. Laurent Gsell's "Divine Education," which shows us the Saviour coming unexpectedly into the midst of a group of school children playing in the garden of the Tuileries. The "Head of Christ" by M. Deschamps is a powerful representation of one of the painful halts on the road to Calvary; and in M. Dinet's "Golgotha" the last act of the Passion is transported to an African hill on which are a number of Arabs. Under the title of "The Halt" M. Montenard has given us one of those landscapes of Provence which he paints with such fidelity; Joseph and Mary, worn out with fatigue, are seen resting, during their flight into Egypt, under a deep blue sky and in the rays of a scorching sun. In the "Sleep of Jesus" M. Guillaume Dubufe endeavors to combine legend with truth. Under an Italian verandah, in a landscape strongly reminiscent of the shore of the Bay of Naples, but giving a fairly good idea of the East, three angels are keeping watch over the slumbers of the divine Infant, while the Virgin is gazing intently towards the cradle. The whole composition is suffused with sunlight, and its brilliancy is still further enhanced by the whiteness of the columns of the verandah, the large

wings of the angels and the doves flying about, as also by the contrasted green of the arbor, the deep blue of the sky, and the russet hue of the distant mountains.

LAGNAN BOUVERET. *Portrait of an actor.*

It is also the evangelical record which has given M. Frédéric the inspiration necessary for his triptych entitled "The People shall one day behold the Rising of the Sun." The artist's soul is full of compassion for human suffering, and his intense sympathy is so vividly expressed in his composition that it becomes positively painful to look at. The first panel represents a group of wretched human beings—men, women and young children—climbing, during a storm, a mountain of pain, at the summit of which,—but apparently unattainable,—is rest! In the second panel we see young children passing through a dense growth of thorns and brambles which tear their flesh. The horrible nightmare of suffering ends with an idyllic vision in which the children, dressed in white gauze, crowned with flowers and with bouquets in their hands, are seen walking through a field variegated with blossoms towards a light shining softly through the branches of a heavenly forest. This last panel is a happy corrective of the fierceness of the other two. It is the artist's right to bestir our sym-

BLAYN

AN AL FRESCO DRESSING ROOM

SALON DE 1892

A STEVENS

A MUSICIAN

pathies, but he would have been wrong to try them to the uttermost; the center subject with the pale flesh-tints of the children besmeared with blood would have excited more revulsion than pity, had it not been for the two lateral compositions, which prepare us for and mitigate the impression produced. To the same order of ideas belongs a singular and attractive work of M. Marcius Simons, "My Kingdom is not of this World," which shows us, beneath the vaulted roof of a church, a choir of shadow-like angels hovering above a crowd resplendent with every hue, and symbolizing the joys of heaven as compared with the vain dreams of the world.

We come across M. La Touche again with a "Dream of Dante," in which we are shown the souls of the damned, writhing amid flames —a sight more horrible than alarming. M. Hodler expresses with much force the despair of a weary existence, under the title of "Tired of Life." M. Ary Renan's "Waif," though not a cheerful subject, is poetic. The waif is a human skull rolled by the waves upon a lonely shore. A young girl who is wandering by the sea, under a serene sky, has come across the skull and gives it a push with her naked foot. We may imagine the thoughts arising in her mind at the sight of so ghastly a find; they frame themselves surely on the model of the theme developed by Hamlet. Everything in this delicately-painted canvas seems instinct with those eternal contrasts in which the mind of Shakespeare delights: youth and death, storm and calm, and the indifference of nature for human woes.

Again Shakespeare, the effect of whose poetry is more felt than expressed by M. Ary Renan, seems to have inspired Madame Madeleine Lemaire with a souvenir of the passage in *Romeo and Juliet* about Queen Mab. She has not represented

> Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
> The cover of the wings of grasshoppers;
> The traces of the smallest spiders' web;
> The collars of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;

but she has sent a team of chimeras coursing through the clouds and

drawing "The Fairies' Car," in which are four female figures, accurately yet lightly drawn, and wayward and gentle as is the nature of fairies. Painted in the brilliant colors which this charming flower painter has at her command and uses with so much effect and grace, the subject delights the eye and is, at the same time, both picture and decorative panel. M. L. Deschamps has spent a good deal of study over his canvas, "The Arts." The row of little Cupids grouped around Diana, who poses as their model, while they set to work diligently with pencil and brush, scarcely corresponds with the impression of dignity and beauty conveyed by Diana herself. With this reservation there is naught but praise due to the ingenuity and gracefulness of the various attitudes.

At the Champ de Mars the decorative works are relatively numerous, and as was to be expected M. Puvis de Chavannes's influence, which was for a long time questioned, begins to be largely felt. It is important, however, that our decorators should be cautioned against such imitation. The master's style is only original because it renders a particular kind of conceptions with means which in another order of subjects would produce the opposite effect to what the artist intended. It is not by simply borrowing his pale colors that one will attain M. Puvis de Chavannes's full synthetical skill; his power as a seer, his meditative calm and discreet melancholy have also to be acquired. But those things do not constitute a particular kind of drawing or coloring; they belong to temperament and are of a most recondite and imperceptible nature. These remarks apply only in part to M. Delance, whose "Parisian Sailors at the Gallo-Roman period" is destined for the audience room of the Tribunal of Commerce. There is sufficient strength and boldness not to render the spectator too exacting respecting the light effects and landscape features which are not those of the climate and neighborhood of Paris. At the point of the *Cité,* Gauls with long moustaches and long hair, in breeches of various colors, are rolling casks and loading amphoras on boats with ornamented prows, whilst a Roman chief in white toga is directing

A. PERRET

ROTHSCHILD

SALON DE 189

FRIANT

MEMORIES

SALON DE 18[illegible]

their work. In one corner of the picture two young urchins of Lutetia are playing at leap-frog. Two aspects of Parisian life—energetic labor and street-arab life—the transportation of which to remote times could not be forbidden to the artist, thus find a place in this picture. In representing for the Hôtel de Ville "The sailors at the Siege of Paris in 1870," M. Adolphe Binet takes us to the other end of the history of France. In the violet-tinted darkness of a winter night, on ground covered with snow, a file of sailors are advancing to carry one of the enemy's positions. With their sheepskins over their jackets, they proceed in silence in a half-creeping attitude, under the command of an officer. The scene is very truthful, and those who have assisted in making an unexpected attack of this kind will find their memories vigorously refreshed by this picture.

M. Baudouin has gone to prehistoric times for his decoration for the Public Library at Rouen. Under the title of "The Writing upon the Stone," a man and a woman are represented as suddenly arrested on their journey, in amazement, half inquisitive, half timorous, before a rock on which are the outlines of a hand and a crescent moon inscribed within a circle. Mademoiselle Cornillac has painted for the Lyons Medical Faculty a decorative panel which borrows from the general methods employed by M. Puvis de Chavannes all that can be borrowed.

It would seem that M. Weerts, who has been commissioned to paint a ceiling for the Mint in Paris, must have been specially troubled in symbolizing the rôle and power of money. The amplitude of such a subject has unquestionably turned him off from it, and he has been content to conceive an allegory representing the last Universal Exhibition. Doubtless he saw in that one of the principal results of monetary circulation, and from this theme he has worked out a most elaborate composition of telling effect. At the summit, on clouds, Mercury, Fortune and Peace; in the center is the arch of a bridge leading to the Palais des Machines, and on this bridge a cosmopolitan crowd in all costumes; on the right the stern of a vessel symbolizing

Paris and carrying as its emblem the word "Labor," with a flag on which is inscribed the date 1889; at the prow are seen men and women representing Industry, Commerce, etc.

III

"Botany" and "Physics" are symbolized by M. Duez in his decorations intended for the hall of Science at the Hôtel de Ville, in the guise of two young women, one of them reclining in a meadow and plucking flowers, the other in a pensive mood beside an air-pump, two Magdeburg hemispheres, etc. The interest in representations of this kind is first of all their brilliancy, and then the agreeable nature of the subject. M. Duez fully satisfies both these conditions. "Botany" is particularly charming.

The story of Phryne is rich in material that painters gladly interpret, for in it they find what they are most in need of, beautiful forms, rich coloring and telling contrasts. In a well-known picture M. Gérome has represented the famous courtesan appearing before her judges in the Areopagus and obtaining an acquittal by simply exhibiting her person. M. Joseph Blanc renders the same incident, but before a less numerous and more *naïf* tribunal, from whom she obtains a still more flattering triumph. Two poor fisher-folk, a man and a woman, are gathering shell-fish on the shore, when they perceive before them, standing upright in the curl of a wave, the foam of which serves as a nimbus, the figure of a female of radiant beauty; taking her for a goddess, they humbly prostrate themselves before her. M. Joseph Blanc is amongst those who still preserve, with a keen appreciation of the antique, a creative power and sincerity of feeling without which allegories become merely an insipid pretext. Those qualities are manifested in this little canvas with modesty and strength, and with a sureness of touch deserving most careful attention. Twenty-five years ago it would have been thought a great deal of;

FRAPPA

A LIVELY CHAPTER

SALON II 1892

SALMSON

THE GRANDCHILDREN'S VISIT

SALON DE 189

but nowadays the public taste is for attractions wrought with less labor, thought and experience. This is not said in disparagement of the artist; nothing could be more correct or more solidly painted than the various parts of the scene: the shallow water spread over the sands, the bright flesh-tints and the golden tresses of Phryne, the woman kneeling on the shingle and burying her face in her hands, the man watching in fear. Had M. Joseph Blanc been able to transport to the Champ de Mars his story of Clovis, now decorating the Panthéon, which obtained for him the highest reward at the disposal of the Académie des Beaux-Arts every five years, viz: the Jean Reynaud prize, he would have obliged the public, who do not sufficiently know him, to accord him the rank he deserves. Those who do admire his talent have to thank him for sending for exhibition a small composition in which he has displayed his full power, and would like him each year to afford himself a similar relaxation from his severer and larger works.

TOFANO – *Portrait of Mad^lle C*

M. F. Lafon favors us with two pleasing subjects entitled "Fishing" and "Shooting." Neither of these is quite new, but

as I said a little while ago, when speaking of analogous works, the most essential thing is to present the subject in such a way that the eye is pleased. Partakers of official banquets will regard with pleasure these depths of ocean and forest tenanted with skate or pheasants, lobsters or partridges, and rendered doubly attractive by children and maidens of fair and dark complexions.

From the extensive series of exhibits whereby M. Gervex once more gives evidence of a prolific and brilliant talent, I will single out his "Venus and Cupid." The artist has scarcely thought of modernizing his subject, any more than of presenting it in a manner which might have made it a landmark in his career, as also in the history of his school. His simple object has been to impart to it a Correggio-like grace, and in this he has succeeded. M. Stetten was animated by a more complex ambition when painting "A Spring in the Forest," with a female figure surrounded by animals; he proposed to render the poetry engendered by shady solitudes and to symbolize the strength and vitality of the forces of nature. Such ambitions are always honorable even when a simple decorative panel is resorted to for their expression. If I had to criticise anything in this work, I should select the figure of a woman draped in white, occupying the center of the composition, although it has evidently been very carefully studied. On the other hand the plants, the flowers and the animals which surround her are good examples of the vigor and delicacy of the artist's brush.

In the same vein of nude figures and white draperies surrounded with verdure and water, M. A. Point represents in his "On the Bank of the Eurotas" the sturdy daughters of Sparta. Notwithstanding the selection of certain plants which set off this subject, the landscape is perhaps more French than Greek. The main point, however, is that the whole composition conveys an idea of rural vigor, which is indeed felt when viewing this energetic painting, the brilliant light of which is a happy issue of the artist's studies of sun-effects in the open. It appears that the architect of the new Sorbonne was

KUEHL

LETTER FROM ABROAD

L. STEVENS

BRETON NEEDLE-WOMAN

MOR LE 1892

awaiting with some impatience the designs of M. Cazin which are intended to decorate this beautiful building. He cannot but be satisfied now, for the artist has given him two exquisite canvases of which the subject in each, borrowed from La Fontaine,—who himself obtained them from the ancients,—combines classic grace with French elegance. "The House built by Socrates," small and confined, is represented as standing on the shore of a sea whose deep azure unites with the softer blue of heaven, while the sage deduces from the limited dimensions of his abode a wish of practical morality. In "The Bear and the Amateur Gardener," we must regret that the travesty of the bear after the style of Granville exceeds the degree of intercourse allowed by the fable betwen the man and the brute. But the principal charm in these two subjects is a simple and graceful arrangement and a measured expressiveness such as La Fontaine himself would have approved, together with a background imbued with all the poetry and delicacy of feeling characteristic of M. Cazin's landscapes. The fields of Greece had more vigor and more decisive lines, yet we cannot reproach M. Cazin for applying to Attica the atmosphere and aspects of the hills of Artois; such transpositions have always been justified. M. Mangeant's "Eve beneath an Apple Tree," besides possessing grace, has some attractive and delicate white and pink effects, and is happily conceived; M. Dinet's "Susannah bathing" is a beautiful study of light; M. Trotter's "Pan's Flute," with its graceful figures of children, recalls a group of Italian sculpture during the Renaissance.

All the painters whom I have enumerated have borrowed from mythology or religion themes in which their sole anxiety was to associate simple ideas and beautiful forms. A Finland artist, M. Gallén, has had more ambition. In the "Legend of Aino" he exhibits a triptych before which one would willingly linger. I will not undertake to explain what I confess I can scarcely understand; I will content myself with saying that in the left compartment a young girl draped is seen pensive at the edge of a wood, from which comes forth an old

man with a long white beard; that in the right compartment the same young girl, perfectly nude and alone, is contemplating the ocean; and that in the center one, still nude, and with disheveled hair, she runs into a lake to escape the pursuit of the old man. Without paying any regard to the subject, the painting is brilliant and has wonderfully effective contrasts of color.

"The Bathers" of MM. Firmin-Girard, Gounod, Harrison, and Parrot take us back to perfectly simple subjects, in which the nude is justified as constituting the sole interest of the subject without demanding more than a distant pretext from either mythology or allegory. To MM. Biessy and Gironde it has not even seemed necessary to explain their admirable renderings of the female form by more than the simple title of "Study" or "Nude." M. Picard gives the title of "Stella" to a young girl of vigorous build and with an enigmatical expression; M. Girardot represents a white mouse running over the arm of a beautiful brunette; M. Rosset-Granger shows the body of a female floating on the waves, in which he has attained good effect with foreshortening; and Miss Lee Robbins represents at her toilet a female charmingly colored. In examining the study of a female lying down in full sunshine, which M. Albert Fourié entitles "Under the Branches," we may question whether the fawn-color of the hair and the red of the flesh-tints should present such strong effects as the picture maintains, but we cannot help recognizing the powerful harmony of the whole piece. No one, I think, will be beguiled by the inoffensive title of "Spring," which M. Callot employs to designate a group of two females whose attitude is at variance with the least ceremonious ideas of modesty.

We must give special prominence to two large canvases, one by Mr. Sargent, "Female Study," the other by M. Carolus Duran, "Lucica." The first represents a superb negress, nearly full face, presenting to the eye the shining solidity of bronze, and, although without any display or research, bearing evidence of an art full of sincerity, confidence and strength. The second represents a good

GUESTS AT A FARM IN BRESSE

figure of a blonde kneeling, seen from behind, the body nude, but the legs draped. I do not think that this eminent master has ever produced a piece more finished in vigor and softness of modeling, in the quivering aspect of real life and in the splendor of flesh-tints.

IV

The pictures belonging to the three orthodox, not to say classical, categories of mythology, religion and history are scarcely more than exceptions at the Champ de Mars. Occasionally an incident is encountered which, lending itself to ingenious combinations, is borrowed from events sufficiently near our own time to interest us of themselves, such as the somewhat artificial but very ingenious theme "To the Frontier," in which M. Delort depicts some refugees galloping away at their hardest in a post-chaise closely pursued by hussars, or "Escorting Prisoners in Spain, in 1809," in which M. Munoz y Cuesta represents French mounted *chasseurs* accompanying over arid slopes some peasants pinioned with cords. But our preference at the Champ de Mars is for scenes of modern life.

In the front rank of these friends of contemporary truth we find an adopted Frenchman, M. Alfred Stevens, one of those who from their accuracy of observation and charming style have most contributed to the advancement of our school in this direction. He now exhibits a number of canvases representing a long period in his career. Each has its special interest and value, but their being brought together in this manner gives proof of the artist's inventiveness in a class of subjects the variety of which, in artists other than himself, is only apparent. "The Studio," "A Piece of News," "A Female Musician," "The Bath," are so many valuable records of our daily life. Hereafter they will afford the same pleasure—and for similar reasons—as those charming masterpieces of the last century, the historical interest of which is now on a par with their artistic value. They are not to be described; they must be seen. Their

LUNA – *Vanguard*

charm consists, in fact, of some attitude or facial expression, or the tasteful arrangement of a corner in a drawing-room. M. Gervex, a friend and collaborator of M. Stevens, has the same tastes, but his style is different. What the latter fixes with painstaking precision in canvases of restricted limits, the former reproduces in rapid, brilliant studies, sometimes of considerable proportions, in which, however, the accuracy of the whole composition, the consistency of the details, and more especially the quality of the coloring redeem whatever traces there may be of hasty work. This year he reminds us of his favorite subjects by merely a sketch of a picture which has been already exhibited, "The Members of the Jury," but in the female study entitled "Between the Cup and the Lips" he is quite himself.

M. Raffaelli presents the most perfect contrast to the foregoing painters of elegancies and brilliant colorists. His predilection is for scenes of suffering or sadness in our people's midst, dismal neigh-

COUNTRY CHURCH

borhoods, and ill-clad wretches toiling beneath a gloomy sky. An excellent draughtsman, he seizes with a bold and accurate stroke a silhouette or landscape, painting or rather indicating with masterly precision the tints of each object in low dull tones. Such a style does not wake pleasing sensations, but it is nevertheless legitimate, because it is in accord with truth; and in showing us the seamy side of our modern elegance he also comes across incidents of true poetical significance. Even those who least admire his productions must admit that "An Idealistic Sculptor" and "Old man at Work" are by no means subjects devoid of expression and pathos.

In the case of M. Carrière a great deal is to be allowed to a style which is distinctly original. In spite of the objections which have been raised to his method of treatment, this artist still provides the public with interiors filled with a kind of transparent smoke from the midst of which emerge beings of great reality, notwithstanding the want of definition in their forms and the ghastly pallor of features generally expressive of pain. This time he offers us a canvas entitled "Maternity," representing a mother clasping an infant to her breast. But, like everything original, it is a dangerous style to imitate, and accordingly the artists who follow in the wake of M. Carrière, such as MM. Berton and Tournès, are forced to admit more light and give more definite outlines to their compositions. If there was any necessity to show by a striking example what variation is possible in analogous subjects by artists of different temperaments, we should only have to place M. Carrière's "Maternity" by the side of M. Israel's "Maternal cares." In this canvas the Dutch master also gives us a mother and infant, but here the impression is as calm as in M. Carrière's it is troubled. Following in the footsteps of the old masters of his country, he shows what charm and poetry are to be found amidst humble surroundings and among common types of humanity. A like impression is produced, but by different means, by a Bavarian artist, M. Kuehl, who imitates nobody, although ever mindful of M. Israel's fellow-countrymen.

The pictures we have referred to have definite subjects, but it would be difficult to find anything of the kind in the delightful canvases of M. Lobre, whose sole purpose is to place correctly-drawn figures in a true light and atmosphere, and from such simple themes he produces very attractive effects. The figure of a young girl introduced into the blue and white library of Marie-Antoinette in the Palace at Versailles, or an old woman in a modest apartment in Paris supplies the necessary *motif* for an accurate and delicate display of light and color, which gives unusually powerful expressiveness to features and significance to the simple material objects. The opposite of this kind of painting—but an opposite full of value—will be found in "A Pupil," broadly rendered by Mlle Breslau, in "A Studio" by M. Fourié, where three heads of striking fidelity to nature are found upon the same canvas, and especially in M. Helleu's "Cathedral of St Denis" and "Cathedral of Reims" emblazoned by the powerful coloring and contrast of stained-glass windows and marble tombs.

I will also point out a clever piece of work by M. Frappa, "A Lively Chapter," representing three dignitaries of the Church listening to a good story, and in a more serious vein M. Bretegnier's "Reading the Bible," M. Melchers's "Palm Sunday," M. Moutte's "Telling her Beads," Mlle M. Fleury's "Mourners." "The Frileuses" of M. Marius Michel recall the coloring of the Dutch masters, but there is withal evidence of original observation; Miss Lee Robbins repeats somewhat in the style of M. Widor yet effectively, under the title of "Five o'clock Tea," an oft-treated subject. The visitor should also not omit to notice, among this class of compositions, the study of a "Woman playing the Piano" by M. Casas, and as proof of sincerity of feeling and of an endeavor to grasp the truth, Madame Nourse's "Family Meal," M. Salmson's "The Grandchildren's Visit," M. Perrandeau's "Siesta," Madame Delance's "Le petit goûter," and particularly M. Gronvöld's "Daily Bread."

Algeria has not ceased to exercise on our painters the magical

BILLETTE

THE SEINE AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY

ROGER JOURDAIN

EVENING

SALON DE 18[illegible]

Portrait of Mlle E

charm of its light and costumes. M. Eugène Girardet adds a series of very good studies to those we already owe to that remarkable country, which combines the varied charms of Southern Europe with those of the East, and of the Dark Continent generally. Among them will be noticed "The Muezzin of Bou-Saada." But in M. Firmin Girard's "Guests," a group of Friesland women paying or receiving visits in all their finery with quite a butterfly display of colors and light, we are wafted to the other end of the world. With the "Swiss Guard" by M. Gros, who has taken his models from the bronze gate and anterooms of the Vatican, we are directed towards Italy, while MM. Dannat, Rusinol and Sargent take us to the very doors of Africa again with their Spanish subjects. The first-named attracts our attention by the strange and powerful impression produced by the features, attitudes and original coloring of his "Spanish Women," who, seated against a wall, are applauding some theatrical representation not shown in the picture. As to M. Sargent's "Carmencita," it forms a superb pendant to the negress of which I was speaking a short time ago. I have heard it attributed

to the school of Manet on account of its freshness of color and skilful arrangement of light. It may be so, but the progress is considerable.

V

Parisian types and street scenes take us into the open air and lend themselves to those combinations of light-effects which form one of the chief attractions of the Champ de Mars. First of all we have the "Vanguard" by M. Luna, three female scavengers going to their work in the pale glimmer of dawn, a truthful rendering with their tanned faces and their heavy bodies. The "Halt during a torchlight Tattoo" by M. Simas is a charming study of colors illuminated artificially amid the blackness of night. We have a similar effect, and one as successfully, although less vigorously rendered, in M. Leroy Saint-Aubert's "Orange Seller," who is represented pushing his barrow along on a winter's evening, in the light of a paper-screened lantern. Noontide furnishes M. Zorn with the curious effects produced by sunlight "Inside an Omnibus" on the features of the various passengers. M. de Montzaigle has been less preoccupied with technical questions than with delicate and refined observation in his "Two Friends"—two ladies who are examining the bill after *déjeuner* at a fashionable restaurant, while at a table close by an old beau is watching their proceedings with an attention which evidently does not escape their notice. With less incident but more art M. Goeneutte depicts a group of visitors "At the Louvre, before a Fresco by Botticelli." We again meet with M. Raffaelli who exhibits "Aged Convalescents" and "An old Ragpicker." Many visitors prefer M. La Touche's "Mason carrying Plaster" to his "Dream of Dante." M. Blayn has painted with delicacy and in a pleasing light "An alfresco Dressing-room," where we see two young *danseuses* completing their toilette with their mother's assistance, prior to going through their performance, between a portable stove, on which is simmering

DELORT

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TO THE FRONTIER

SALON DE 1892

the company's dinner, and the various properties instrumental in obtaining the repast.

Many artists, in faithful observance of precepts inaugurated by Millet, believe that, in order to delineate truthfully the life of the fields,

MUENIER *Watering place*

one must follow it himself, and so they scarcely live at all in Paris, but content themselves with an occasional visit during the exhibition season. M. Muenier belongs to this set. The canvases which he sends are the result of a long sojourn in Franche-Comté and Provence. Nothing could be more genuine and original than these

little subjects in each of which, with singularly precise rendering of light or scene, a living type, a particular hour of the day, or an operation of rural life is irrevocably and perfectly recorded, and in this way we get "An old Fisherman collecting Sea Urchins," seated at the edge of a quay, the "Watering Place," represented at the approach of twilight, and the "Evening in Provence," which is exquisitely melancholy. I have sufficiently made known my opinion of M. Lhermitte's vigorous, sober art, so it will not be necessary for me to analyze at length his "Return of the Flock," his "Washerwomen," and his "Girl minding Geese." M. Perret's "Betrothed," as they walk along a road at the end of which are seen the low houses of the village, are absolutely true and genuine. M. Moutte's peasants of Provence are seen dancing "In the Pinewoods" with somewhat determined energy, but the representation is very truthful. Inheriting a famous name, M. Émile Bastien-Lepage has brought us from the village of Damvillers, a place dear to his brother, and indeed the common country of their birth, a large canvas entitled "Returning to the Village," an average-sized one, "The Pond," and a very little one, "The Poppies," which will secure him a special position in the young French school. In all three subjects there is a precision and heedfulness which are no surprise to us, and there is also a delicate appreciation of the relief in which things should stand, according to atmosphere and light. MM. Binet, Elliott, Thaulow, Aublet, Saintin, Baudoin, Ménard and Barrau will again be seen with their well-known characteristics, and also under novel aspects in a series of subjects borrowed from rural life. In the case of M. Rixens one was always desiring freer execution and more expressive coloring; but such qualities are now to be found in his "Blind Man of St Avantin," which is strikingly truthful in its mournful expression and in the grouping of this afflicted beggar with his ragged boy-guide.

M. Friant shows us the inhabitants of the city transported to the country and experiencing its powerful influence. In "Memories" an old woman is seated pensive by the side of a stream, near some young girls

SARGENT

CARMENCITA

SPANISH WOMEN.

who are fishing. Beside the natural buoyancy of youth, the grandmother's heart is overwhelmed by the melancholy of the past, as she thinks of all that has irrevocably gone. Nothing could be simpler or truer in spite of a good deal of minute detail and evident labor. The melancholy but restful calm with which M. Friant invests the figure of the old woman is transferred by M. Roger Jourdain to two fashionably-dressed young women going down stream in a small boat, while M. Gronvöld imparts the same pensiveness to a young mother in a garden with her children.

A kindred sentiment of calmness and gentleness combined is rendered by M. Billotte without the aid of human figures, in simple views of Paris and its outskirts. With a desire to be truthful, with a special and most earnest purpose, and with delicacy and precision, he has gradually acquired originality and reputation of real worth. In my opinion his best picture this year is "The Seine at the Quai d'Orsay," but it is worthily accompanied by several other exhibits, not one of which is devoid of merit. M. Iwill's works on the contrary have, it would seem, the sole object of reproducing the attractive features of towns enlivened by river or sea, as for instance his studies of evening and twilight at Dordrecht, on the bank of the Meuse, and at Rouen, on the bank of the Seine; but nature's soul is ever itself, and whether through M. Iwill or M. Billotte always speaks the same language.

VI

It would seem, from the remark I have often made during the course of this review concerning the prevailing fancy at the Champ de Mars for direct study of nature and of light in the open, that landscape must be represented there by a great number of interesting pictures. There are indeed many; but the quality is not proportioned to the quantity. The genre or portrait painters, availing themselves of the opportunity afforded them of exhibiting every canvas considered worthy of admis-

sion, have sent in a few landscape studies with their ordinary works. But if these exceptional studies are excellent for the artist, and if they teach him to frame his subjects or portraits to better effect, it does not follow that they are always worthy of being submitted to the public, or indeed that they should secure him a diploma of superiority in a difficult style of painting in which one excels only on condition of a complete surrender and devotion to it. At the Champs-Élysées, where ambition seems more restricted and where it is, evidently, generally felt that pains must be taken to learn what one intends to practice, the good landscape painters are numerous because they are not at the same time genre and portrait painters. For the contrary reason they are rare at the Champ de Mars. Even those who really deserve the title do not always succeed in producing the precise and truthful effects which the public relish so much in their *confrères* at the Champs-Élysées. In fact they apply to the aspects of nature, compendious or abridged methods of painting which are not suitable for subjects whose principal characteristic is stability, and which consequently demand of those who profess to reproduce them exactitude and clearness.

I shall therefore content myself with pointing out those among the members of the Société Nationale who do not call forth these restrictions, and those who, although they do not quite escape, have sufficient merit to counterbalance them. It is not always easy to fully understand Mr. Whistler's painting, even when one keenly relishes its strange and subtle charm, but in his case we have a rare originality which redeems everything. The two canvases which he entitles "Nocturnes : grey and gold" are delightful color harmonies. M. Baertsoen in his "Snow-effects" continues to show what attentive observation, assisted by a special style of work, is able to obtain from the same scene, otherwise scarcely altered, it would seem, by two separate and altogether different lights. M. Thaulow, whose first canvases when exhibited in France were a revelation in art, is also a painter of snow-effects, and it is in his usual key that he has treated

LEROY SAINT-AUBERT

ORANGE SELLER

"Lengthening Shadows" and "Storm;" but in "Summer Evening" he realizes an effect which is new and of exquisite beauty. Among Frenchmen M. Sisley continues his studies of light at each hour of the day. He was one of the first to inaugurate such a task in spite of criticism and ridicule, but is still insufficiently recognized. M. Montenard belongs to those who know how to combine the indisputable acquisitions of the luminists with the accurate drawing and solidity of form which ever remain the essential qualities of good pictures, and he still continues to make use of these qualities in his studies in Provence. M. Damoye, whose powers of research seem more directed towards contrasted objects, and whose method of reproduction is by means of bold dashes of color, exhibits several interesting studies of marshes, dunes, fields and meadows. I will also mention the twilight effects of M. Binet, the sands and rocks of M. Costeau, the sunsets of M. Barau, the snow-scenes of M. Lebourg, and the bad weather and sunshine of M. Lepère.

WHISTLER. *Portrait of Lady Meux.*

The majority of the artists mentioned are also marine painters, naturally maintaining all their usual qualities in a class of work so closely allied to landscape. Among Mr. Whistler's exhibits perhaps his grey and green "Ocean" gives the most complete idea of his talent. We must also note the Provençal shores sent in by M. Le

Camus, the Normandy coasts of M. Courant, and the studies in which M. Boudin, with unvarying correctness of impression, passes from the Ocean to the Mediterranean.

We perhaps find the chief merit of the Champ de Mars in the portraits. They are in great number, many members of the Société Nationale following the prevalent taste of the day. Many of these portraits teach us very little that is new as to the artists and their methods, nor do they interest the public so much as they do their sitters. I shall therefore only refer to those works which furnish new proofs of skill, or invest a long recognized talent with some new features. M. Carolus Duran shows us celebrated individuals, such as M. Challemel-Lacour and M. Henner, and other well-known portraits in the "Trio of Friends," besides canvases which are anonymous. The same brilliant superiority is in all; there is not one which is not noticeable for gracefulness or strength, delicacy or boldness. Beside the triumphal portrait of "Madame la Comtesse C." we find a charming presentment of a young American girl with all that prismatic display of dress material in which the artist so delights, and also flesh-tints singularly beautiful and true. The forcible play of vivacity and humor is as strongly pronounced in the features as elegance and gracefulness in the figure. In short, in accordance with a habit which is dear to the master, each of these pictures is a symphony in color with one or two of the principal tones dominant.

M. Besnard has now passed out of the period when an artist, in the strength of his own convictions, and with the adherence of a few faithful friends, has to struggle against the opposition of the public. He has maintained himself throughout with great valiance, while at the same time he has resisted the dangerous impulses which prompted him to defend his own opinions too vigorously. Even when he was mistaken, his errors finally turned to the advantage of his talent. It is no slight merit in an artist to have resisted the pressure of fashion, which as usual was especially pleased with his exaggerations. Provided with thorough training, and being an exact and firm draughtsman,

AT THE LOUVRE

BEFORE A FRESCO BY BOTTICELLI

MONTZAIGLE

TWO FRIENDS

a delicate and powerful colorist, a keen observer of physiognomies, especially those of women or children, which are so difficult to fix, he exhibits this year four portraits which are equally noticeable, and a charming group entitled "The Smile."

Notwithstanding their other qualities and also the difference in their work, M. Carolus Duran and M. Besnard are principally colorists, whereas M. Dagnan-Bouveret is pre-eminently a draughtsman, although few artists possess so consistent a union of the various merits constituting a painter. I would remark also that in our contemporary school there are few examples of a career in which force of concentration, perseverance, and a clearly reflected purpose, have contributed to so sure an advance towards perfection. It has been said that he observes successively the various styles which develope themselves around him, in order that he may see for his own advantage what they have to offer in the way of expression; but it would be more correct to admit that, studying with equal zeal both nature and the methods of his art, he has become more exacting in his demands on his own talent. He now exhibits a matchless piece of work, the portrait of a young woman in a pink and grey dress. Nothing could be more complete or more delicate, more energetic or more graceful. In the unfathomable smile of those half-opened lips and the softness of those well-defined outlines, precision is realized in dream and mystery. Three other pictures of this artist, viz. : the "Study of a Breton," lighted up by yellow reflections, the "Portrait of an Actor" (M. Coquelin Cadet) holding a mask, and the sturdy "Sicilian Woman," all bear the same imprint and present to us, under a new aspect, evidence of talent at once powerful and versatile.

Nor does M. Gustave Courtois rest content with his earlier achievements, but each year he brings his elegant and refined manner nearer perfection, translating with particular delicacy and rare correctness, yet with neither subservient complacency nor insipidity, the variety and charm of his female studies. I would point out especially the portrait of "Mlle Bartet in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*,"

which is a most fascinating model of grace, harmony and truth, but it would be impossible for him to delineate this young woman badly with her pelisse of velvet and fur arranged so admirably, nor the young girl who, from her firm attitude and steady look proclaims herself an American.

I also wish to draw attention to "Lady Meux" by Mr. Whistler, a true and admirable harmony in color, to two portraits by M. Boldini, particularly one of a little girl of striking originality, yet piquantly attractive, to the portrait of M. J. Saint-Cère by M. Jacques Blanche, in the key of blue that he affects so much, to a series of small panels of good definition by M. Weerts, to a very interesting female portrait, with delicate rendering of light, by M. Bastien-Lepage, and to others by MM. Gervex, Rixens, Zorn, Burne-Jones, Tofano and Edelfelt.

I conclude my review of the two Salons with a hope which, for a brief moment, during the performance of my task, in common with all who place the higher interests of art beyond the reach of artistic coteries, I thought on the point of being realized, that the two halves of the French school will put an end to schism and again become a united body, at the same time retaining the influential, and in every way beneficial, adjunct of foreign artists which the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts could bring to the Société des Artistes Français.

SCULPTURE.

The Sculpture Section at the Champ de Mars is better furnished than in previous years. Although they hesitated longer than the painters did before quitting the Champs-Élysées, where they had a more favorable position and also received rewards which were all the more necessary for their *amour-propre* as the practice of their art was more disinterested, a considerable number of the sculptors, eager for change, or in some way dissatisfied, followed their comrades in order that their art should not be so scantily represented as it had been originally among the earliest seceders. As to the value of the works exhibited, some of them are remarkable, but few are of the first rank. Doubtless if artists like M. Dalou and M. Injalbert had respectively exhibited the "Triumph of the Republic," finished some time ago, and the "Monument to Mirabeau," not yet completed, they would have given exceptional distinction to sculpture at the Champ de Mars. As it is they are represented neither by their past nor future achievements. On the other hand, among the younger sculptors I can only point out, as revealing talent, M. Carriès, of whom I shall have more to say presently.

As President of the Sculpture Section, M. Dalou worthily fills his place with a beautiful group representing "Bacchus consoling Ariadne," in which is apparent an art at once vigorous and delicate, together with that anxious search for novelty which has so often helped him to rejuvenate the types and allegories of the past; as for instance his monument to Delacroix in the Garden of the Luxembourg. His "Betrothal," unfinished, deserves similar praise.

Gifted with a very personal artistic temperament, a supple energetic hand and dexterity of movement, and an ardent devotion to study from life, M. Injalbert continues to render classic tradition

through the medium of ideal features of modern times. He exhibits some bronzes *à cire perdue* which are works of high merit. One is "A Nymph surprised by a Satyr," a group perfect in form and action; another represents "Eve after the Fall," helpless and grief-stricken; a third "Princess Clémence," a nude figure borrowed from a Provençal poem. Mistral relates in his *Calendau* how the daughter of Charles the Lame, Count of Provence, was demanded in marriage by Charles de Valois, the latter imposing the condition that she should present herself naked to the envoys of the King of France, and how she did not hesitate to undergo the ordeal. M. Injalbert accordingly represents her undraped and slender, with an expression of decorous pride. His bust of the "Republic," intended for the ministry of Foreign Affairs, has the great merit of discarding the conventional type of an effeminate Cæsar, and represents free France in the form of a daughter of the people of the land, in all her pride, grace and refinement. But the chief exhibit by M. Injalbert is his "Bust of Pierre Puget," in an attitude expressive of melancholy and of that conscious strength of genius which is superior to all trials.

M. Dampt is a sculptor of great merit, although a little affected, as proved once again by his graceful figure, "On the Threshold of Mystery," but let him beware of literary intentions, and especially not take too seriously the mystic garrulity by which criticism has spoilt too many painters and sculptors. In this composition we have a young man with long hair, large wings on his back, skulls beneath his feet, and holding across his body a sword of which the belt displays the words : *Omnia vanitas.* He is peering into the distance, and the whole expression of his features is evidently intended to render the sense of the mysterious, but fails to do so completely. The artist has sought to represent the young man as confronting the secret of nature and preparing himself for the struggle for existence. A single attitude and device is not sufficient for the expression of so much. I do not think that M. Dampt is rightly employing his talent, which is

capable of much grace and delicacy, when he devotes it to a class of subjects which demand rather the temperament of a Rodin.

M. de Saint Marceaux's "Woman reclining" is an excellent study of the nude. One scarcely thinks of asking what this beautiful creature, lying down, with her head buried in her hands, on a sheaf of corn, is intended to represent; and probably the artist himself never thought of giving her any precise signification. No doubt he is, like ourselves, satisfied that this graceful figure, so carefully modeled, with no undue preponderance of any part or effect, should possess simply the vigor of life.

BAFFIER. *Hurdy-gurdy player.*

Why does M. Rambaux entitle his clever, but somewhat distorted group of nude figures, dancing and holding each other's hand, "Happiness?" They are merry creatures, and nothing else. Last year M. Bartholomé exhibited a series of strange but striking figures intended for a tomb. It is, no doubt, as forming part of the same series, that he has designed his "Group of two Figures for a Doorway." In spite of the extreme simplicity of the title the work itself is expressive. A doorway with sloping sides is seen in the face of a rock and can only lead to a last resting-place. A man and a woman are entering, holding one another by the arm. Side by side,

in the perpetual bond of love, they make their last journey. M. Vallgren should attain more rapidly the reputation which he deserves. His "Cain"—a most original rendering of a subject which has been frequently treated—is a figure of a terrible type, with features strongly pronounced, wide mouth, powerful jaw, limbs of enormous size and strength, and his whole aspect one of brutal wickedness. He is represented after the perpetration of his crime, crushed beneath the weight of remorse, yet astounded and enraged at experiencing any feeling of grief. M. Charpentier has executed a very artistic yet disturbing commentary on the verse in Genesis : "Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven." Gomorrah is represented by two women of skeleton-like thinness, overtaken by divine retribution in the midst of their impenitence. The attitude of these wretched beings recalls those Pompeian bodies which have been exhumed after lying for centuries among the ashes of Vesuvius. I prefer, however, to this sermon in stone, those graceful fancies which the same artist has borrowed from actual life, such as the "Sonata," representing a girl violinist being accompanied on the piano, and the sinuous line of little dancers in the "Fantasia on the Back of a Violin."

By the side of these works which are of a more or less debatable character, although original, the traditions of allegorical, mythological or religious art are kept up with fair success by a group of sculptors who, whilst migrating to the Champ de Mars, have retained their staid methods. Among their exhibits we notice two good figures intended for a tomb, "Prayer" and "Grief," by M. Alfred Lenoir. M. Lanson also deals with sorrow in his "Eternal Grief." He has made a less pretentious effort with his group entitled "A Rape," in which the theme is altogether happier, and with several statuettes among which a "Diana" and a "Salammbô" are specially noticeable. M. Pierre Granet likewise exhibits a "Grief," revealing good earnest work. M. Escoula gives us a change from these mournful subjects, and with a good deal of success illustrates the changeful graces of

"Spring." According to M. Renan the philosophy of "Ecclesiastes" is that of an old bachelor who has given up the ways of the world after having abundantly availed himself of its pleasures—certainly a very different definition of the sacred book from that given by M. Michel Malherbe, whose figure reveals nothing of the nature of the subject which he has endeavored to represent. M. Lenoir's "Prayer" is brighter, and it is in an attitude in which the necessities of the subject do not preclude originality. Beside a "Magdalen" and "A Mother's Care" M. Hector Lemaire exhibits the elegant silhouette of a "Pandora" against which is placed the same subject treated with equal skill by M. Bayard de la Vingtrie. M. Gaston Leroux has succeeded in imparting a pleasing action to a "Female Dancer," a figure which, had it been lighter and more graceful, we should have liked better.

Historical statues are not numerous. M. Tony Noël sends the model of his statue of "Houdon" erected at Versailles last year. The great sculptor is represented working at his Voltaire. If the action is somewhat exaggerated, the intellectual, life-like features agree well with the portraits that his contemporaries have left us. General Raoult, who died a hero at Reischoffen, and Eugène Pelletan, the journalist to whom the town of Royan owes so large a portion of its prosperity, have furnished M. Aubé with two admirable subjects for study. M. Massoulle symbolizes vigorously, yet with delicacy, in a pediment destined for the school of Artillery and Engineering at Versailles, the military *rôle* of Lazare Carnot.

The name of M. Carriès was not unknown to artists and amateurs, but it is only within the last year or two that the public in general has had its attention drawn to his superb head of Charles I, exhibited in the Musée du Luxembourg. He now manifests his ability in the twofold character of potter and ceramist with the result of the labor of ten years. His show-case contains a series of enameled stoneware articles, vases, masks and small figures, of which some are intended for a doorway ordered by Mme Singer. They give evidence of an imaginative power which recalls the decorators of the Middle Ages

and of a technical skill which is unrivaled. One finds everywhere signs of wonderful originality. As to his busts *à cire perdue*, representing historical or imaginary subjects, all possess a powerful interest, and several of them are of the highest merit. M. Carriès renders the human face, serious or grotesque, with a depth of penetration and an expressive force which are unequaled. But we should like to see an entire figure of his, for a sculptor is not complete unless he produces images which bear a delusive resemblance to life, and it is remarkable that, notwithstanding the long array of subjects before us, M. Carriès has not once essayed to represent a full length human figure.

M. Baffier is another artist of resolute and strong originality. Brought up amidst the peasantry of Berry, and by nature as much as by training carried beyond the limits of academical methods, he loves the simple beings among whom he has grown up, and has set himself the task of showing the beautiful aspect of their lives. His "Gardener watering Flowers" and his "Hurdy-gurdy Player" are instinct with truth, without any veneer of philosophical pretension; like George Sand he produces poetical effects by his sincerity alone. M. Baffier is now at work on a monumental mantel-piece representing in a series of bas-reliefs the rural customs of Berry. So far as we are acquainted with his work, we should compare it to the most striking examples of the same kind in old French art.

M. Paul Richer is yet another fervent admirer of rural France, and he vies with M. Baffier in reproducing a similar order of subjects. His series of statuettes representing a "Man digging," a "Navvy," a "Haymaker," etc., are splendid in their action. One might prefer them less labored and more uncouth, like their models, yet they are sufficiently accurate for the artist to be encouraged to continue in the same path. In a somewhat similar realistic vein M. Constantin Meunier presents us with "The Glebe" and "A Reaper," which are placed between, and rank equally in merit with, two superb pieces by the same artist, one an allegorical representation of "Industry"

SWAN

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AFRICAN PANTHER

in high relief, and the other an "Ecce Homo." The group of "Indian Scouts" of Mr. Borglum, an American artist, carries us to the prairies of the Far West; but with all their unquestionable fidelity, they are not pleasing to look upon. Those heads of ferocious beings may have their own special attraction, but to be able to perceive it, we must doubtless undergo a course of education to which I myself am a stranger.

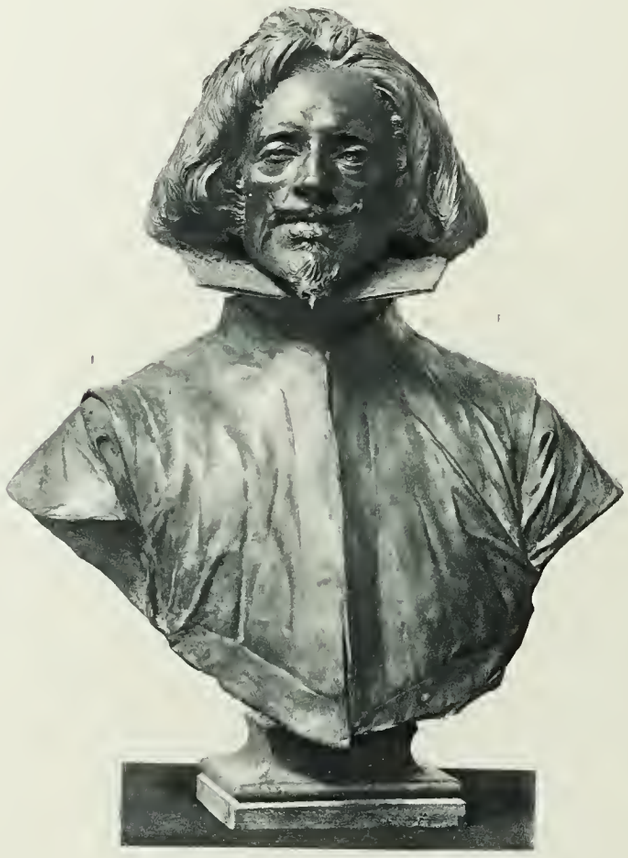
I would mention separately "An Old Man seated" and the "Heads of humble Citizens" by M. Raffaelli, who is as realistic in his sculpture as in his painting. In the two heads, however, which are vigorously modeled, there is a vein of caricature which seems a useless adjunct to a subject otherwise copiously ugly; but the old man, helplessly weak, worn out by life's struggle and brutalized by intellectual infirmity and age, is fraught with that intense expressiveness and powerful execution met with in some of the statuettes of Daumier.

There are but few animals. We must, however, direct attention to M. Victor Peter's "Maternity" represented by a lioness and her cubs; to a splendid bronze, *à cire perdue,* of an "African Panther" by Mr. Swan; and to a gracefully designed mantel-piece by M. Frédéric Deschamps entitled "Defence of the Nest."

Among the busts some are superb and are equal in merit to the more important works. The Director of the Beaux-Arts who is responsible for the ordering of many busts after the death of the individuals represented, has had the praiseworthy idea of asking M. Rodin to execute the portrait of M. Puvis de Chavannes, while still with us, for the Museum at Amiens, where also are to be found two of the finest compositions of this artist. The erect and dignified head of the original, and his energetic but pensive expression are strikingly truthful. M. Dalou exhibits two heads in the picture galleries, putting himself within range of the greater body of the visitors and running the gauntlet of a formidable scrutiny with remarkable success. They are life-like portraits of M. Lozé, the prefect of police, in marble, and M. Francis Magnard, editor of the

Figaro, full of intelligence, good sense and irony, in bronze; the terra-cotta portrait of M. Jules Jouy, the ballad writer, also attracts the notice of a portion of the public and has a decided success. We have also medallions by M. Ringel d'Illzach, to which he imparts a twofold interest from technical skill and method of interpretation. When I have mentioned the bas-relief and bust by M. Bourdelle, I know of nothing more that I can specially point out.

GUSTAVE LARROUMET,
Of the Institut.



CARRIÈS — *Bust of Velasquez*

LIST OF AWARDS

PAINTING

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. Albert Maignan.

First Medals.

MM. E.-A.-F. Deully, A. Lynch.

Second Medals.

MM. F. Bramley, P.-L.-L. Vauthier. G.-S. Truesdel, E. Vimont. F. Humbert. T.-H Decanis. E J. Merlot, J.-F. Bouchor. J.-V. Salgado, C. Quinton, A.-G. Rigolot. J.-J. Scherrer.

Third Medals.

MM. H. Foreau, P. Thomas, J.-H. Lorimer, A. Grivolas, A. Bréauté, M. Dastugue, C.-A. Lenoir, Mme H. Richard, MM. A. Zwiller, A. Rouby, C. Lebayle, L. Gagneau, G.-T. Wallen, E.-A.-A. Joannon-Navier, H.-P. Mottez, M. Perret, L. Galliac, G.-W. Joy, Mme V. Parlaghy, MM. E. Charles-Bitte, C. Le Roux, Mlle J. Houssay, MM. A. Calbet, O.-D.-V. Guillonnet, L. Brunin, C. Kuwasseg, J.-E. Breun, F. Mathias.

"Mentions Honorables."

MM. E.-A. Walton, W. Reynolds-Stephens, E.-B. Hirchfeld, E. Tanguy, L.-M. Doyen, A. Cresswell, H.-J.-F. Bellery-Desfontaines, Mme I. de Beaufond, M. H. Biva, Mlle J. Fontaine, M. A.-E. Bach, Mlle I.-E. de Schulzenheim, MM. J.-G. Moteley, A.-M. Rambaud, W.-R. Leigh, S. Diranian, A.-S. Cope, L. Huvey, G.-P.-J. Darasse, J.-M.-L. Hamilton, C. Firmin, A.-L. Halmi, P. Schaan, A. Paris, Mlle J.-A. Fiélitz, MM. G. Larrue, L. Olivié-Bon, G. Charpentier-Bosio, C.-L.-E. Assézat de Bouteyre, E.-L. Thivier, F. Régamey, Miss E.-W. Roberts, MM. A. Roche, A. Streeton V.-F. Lecomte, H. Hartwich, Mlle A. Odérieu, Mme E.-C. Condé Gonzalez, MM. W. Nettleton, P. Petit-Gérard, H. Charrier, H. Neuhaus, P. Chabas.

SCULPTURE

First Medals.

MM. T.-E.-V. Barrau, F. Soulès, H. Icard.

Second Medals.

MM. H. Peyrol, H. Vidal, J. Perrin, J.-O. Mombur, J.-V. Myslbek. *Engraving medals and gems :* M. F.-C. Vernon.

Third Medals.

MM. E.-S. Thivier, A. Seysses, H. Greber, P.-G. Capellaro, B. Rougelet, F. Faivre, E. Drouot, L. Convers, P. Loiseau-Rousseau, D.-C. French.

"Mentions honorables."

MM. J. Balloni, G. de Bengy-Puyvallée, J. Caussé, A. Charron, E. Deplechin, C.-J. Desvergnes, W.-G. John, R. Guimberteau, R. Harboe, D. Jollo, G. de Kerveguen, L.-J. Mast, C. Roux, L. Savine, L. Bracony, E.-H. Dubois, C.-A. Férigoule, J. Garnier, *(engraving medals)* H.-M. Jondet, A. Ledru, A.-C. Loyseau, A. Maillard, A. Véry, E. Villanis, Mlle G. Dumontet, MM. C.-L. Daragon, J. Froment-Meurice, A.-S. Mony, Mlle B.-A. Moria, L. Tonetti-Dozzi, A.-C. Vermare.

ARCHITECTURE

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. Louis-Marie Cordonnier.

First Medals.

MM. C.-N. Normand, H.-J.-B. d'Espouy.

Second Medals.

MM. G. Chédanne, P.-A. Lafargue, P.-H. Hannotin, M. Gaïda.

Third Medals.

MM. A.-C. Tissandier, C. Nizet, L.-P. A. Tropey-Bailly, H. Boussac, H. Loyau, N.-F. Escalier.

"Mentions honorables"

MM. L.-L.-C. Bevière, P.-E. Bobin, A. Coulon, C. Dalmas, L.-E.-J. Desnues, G. Dezermaux, C.-M. Giroux, L.-E. Guénot, G. Guyon, L.-A. Legendre, A. Lépouzé, G.-J. Mauber, L.-E. Mougenot, P. Normand, L.-M.-J. Parent, A.-G. Rives, O.-C. Rixson, R. Sergent, P.-A.-V. Simon, G. Tronchet, L.-J. Yperman.

ENGRAVING AND LITHOGRAPHY

"Médaille d'Honneur."

M. Paul Maurou.

First Medal.

M. A. Boulard *(etching)*.

Second Medals.

MM. J. Patricot *(burin)*; L.-L. Chapon *(wood engraving)*; G.-L.-J. Fuchs *(lithography)*; A. Ardail *(etching)*; H. Fauchon *(lithography)*.

Third Medals.

M. E.-J. Sulpis *(burin)*; Mlle J.-P.-A Leluc *(wood engraving)*; MM. J.-S. Payrau *(etching)*; H.-P. Dillon *(lithography)*; A. Mignon *(burin)*; L. Perrichon fils *(wood engraving)*; M. Deville *(etching)*.

"Mentions honorables."

MM. L.-I. Journot, R. Varin *(burin)*; G. Frantzen, E.-A. Froment, J. Gilardi, M. Abline, H. de Maghellen *(wood engraving)*; G. Pelicier, C.-L. Gérard, H.-E. Lessore, P. Lafond, A. Bouvenne *(etching)*; A. Damourette, E.-P. Bertrand, C.-F. Mès, A. Cassagne, L.-A. Willette *(lithography)*.

Prix Marie Bashkirtseff

M. E. Charles-Bitte.

Prix de Raigecourt-Goyon

M. M. Perret.

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PURCHASED BY THE STATE

PAINTING

MM. Aman-Jean . . . . . *Portrait of Mademoiselle T. C. J.*
Baillet (E.) . . . . . *Morning in August on the Seine.*
Barillot (L.) . . . . . *Shepherdesses in Lorraine.*
Bill (Lina) . . . . . *Agde (Hérault).*
Bouchor (J.-F.) . . . . . *A Boatload of Grass; Freneuse.*
Boudin (E.) . . . . . *The Roads of Villefranche.*
Boutigny (E.) . . . . . *The Cantonnier'Story.*
Carlos-Lefebvre . . . . . *Oaks at Chalès (Sologne).*
Carrière (E.) . . . . . *Maternity.*
Charles-Bitte (E.) . . . . . *During the Lesson.*
Chigot (A.) . . . . . *Before a Hero; Orleans, 5th of December 1870.*
Damoye (P.-E.) . . . . . *A Swamp.*
Dawant (A.-P.) . . . . . *In Alsace.*
Demont (A.-L.) . . . . . *Abel.*
Destrem (C.) . . . . . *A Levite of Ephraim.*
Detaille (E.) . . . . . *Surrender of the Garrison of Huningue (20th of August 1815).*
Duhem (H.-A.) . . . . . *Oaks.*
Enders (J.-J.) . . . . . *Old Tiennot's will.*
Foreau (H.) . . . . . *The Grief of Orpheus.*
Fourié (A.) . . . . . *Under the Branches.*
Grimelund (J.) . . . . . *Summer Morning at Molde (Norway).*
Guillon (A.-J.) . . . . . *Saint-Père-sous-Vézelay (Yonne).*
Guillou (A.) . . . . . *Farewell!*
Hamilton (J.-M.-Lure) . . . *Portrait of Mr. W. E. Gladstone.*
Lansyer (E.) . . . . . *Environs of Mentone in Winter.*
Martin (H.-J.-G.) . . . . . *Man between Vice and Virtue.*
Péraire (P.) . . . . . *A Gust of Wind in a Cornfield.*
Perret (M.) . . . . . *Departure of Fishing-boats.*
Petitjean (E.) . . . . . *Florémont, a Village in Lorraine.*
Pointelin (A.-E.) . . . . . *The Hill.*
Quignon (F.-J.) . . . . . *Oats.*
Quost (E.) . . . . . *Flowers.*
Raffaelli (J.-F.) . . . . . *Aged Convalescents.*
Wallen (G.-T.) . . . . . *The House of the Dead.*

SCULPTURE

MM. Boucher (A.) . . . . . *Rest*, marble statue.
Boutry (E.-H.) . . . . . *Hunters*, bronze group.
Cros (H.) . . . . . *Incantation*, bas-relief in glass.
Dagonet (E.) . . . . . *Night*, marble statue.
Daillion (H.) . . . . . *The Child's Rest*, plaster group.
Déloye (G.) . . . . . *Catherine II, Empress of Russia*, plaster statue.
Greber (H.) . . . . . *Fire-damp*, plaster statue.
Labatut (J.-J.) . . . . . *Printing*, marble statue.
Lami (S.) . . . . . *Danish Dog*, grey marble.
Marqueste (L.-H.) . . . . . *Nessus*, marble group.
Mengue (J.-M.) . . . . . *The Spring*, marble statue.
Mombur (J.-O.) . . . . . *A Child's Kiss*, plaster group.
Pilet (L.) . . . . . *Flora*, plaster statue.
Savine (L.) . . . . . *Saint Jerome*, statue in wood.
Soulès (F.) . . . . . *The Rape of Iphigenia*, marble group.
Thivier (E.-S.) . . . . . *The Passer-by*, marble statue.
Thomas-Soyer (Mme M.) . . . *Dogs fighting*, plaster group.
Vidal (H.) . . . . . *The Peasant from the Danube*, marble statue.

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Melida (E.)	33
Mesdag (H.-W.)	64*
Montenard	78*
Montzaigle (E. de)	90*
Moreau (A.)	17
Moreau de Tours (G.)	36*
Muenier (J.-A.)	85
Outin (P.)	13
Paris (A.)	40
Peel (P.)	8*
Perret (A.)	72
Puvis de Chavannes	53
Raffaelli (J.-F.)	80
Rixens (J.-A.)	66*
Salmson (H.)	74*
Sargent (John)	86
Stevens (Alfred)	70*
Stevens (Léopold)	76*
Tattegrain (F.)	18*
Tavernier (P.)	42*
Tofano (E.)	75
Vibert (J.-G.)	16
Vuillefroy (F. de)	10
Wagrez (J.)	10*
Watelin (L.-V.)	24
Wencker (J.)	34
Whistler (J.-M' N.)	89
Zorn (A.-L.)	59

SCULPTURE

Baffier (J.)	95
Bartholdi (F.-A.)	50
Carriès (J.)	100
Gérome (J.-L.)	46
Guilbert (E.-C.)	43
Swan (J.-M.-A.)	98
Van der Straeten	52